

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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"Recognition" in England.

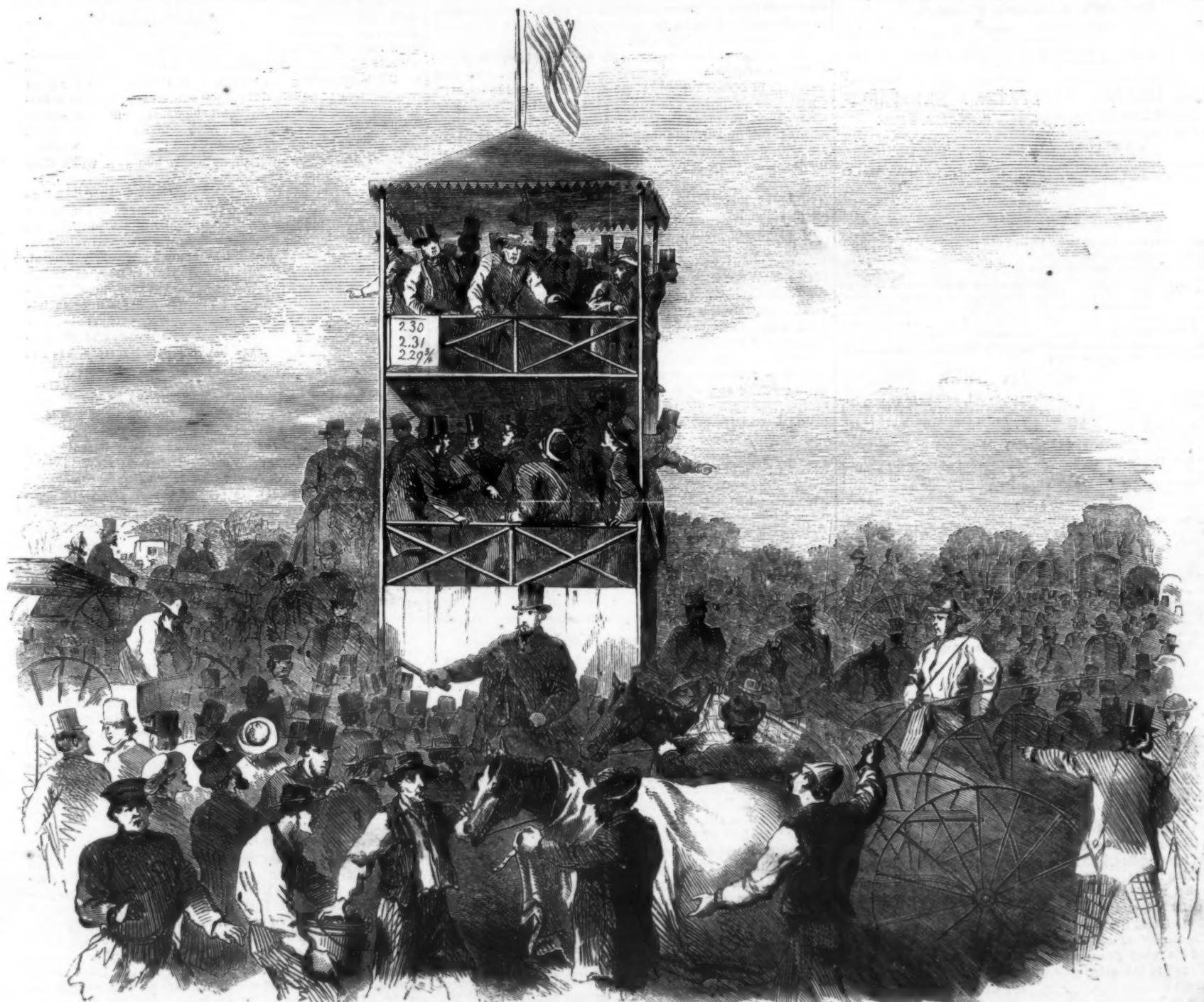
THE talk of a "recognition" of the so-called Southern Confederacy by England and France has lately been revived in London, *apropos* of a speech by Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, delivered at Newcastle, on the 7th of October. The foreign newspapers in the Southern interest affect to regard this speech not only as expressing Mr. Gladstone's own views, but also as a semi-official expression of those entertained by the British Cabinet. Assuming this to be so, we find in it nothing new, extraordinary or disturbing. Mr. Gladstone affirms it as his opinion that "Jefferson Davis and the Southern leaders have made an army, are making a navy, and have made, what is more than either—a nation." He regards the permanent separation of the South from the North, "as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be;" and he anticipates that "a time may arrive when it would be the duty of Europe to offer the word of expostulation or friendly aid towards composing

the quarrel" between the two sections. This is absolutely all that there is in the Chancellor's speech, outside of that lurking hostility towards this country which he shares with all Englishmen of the governing class, and which has always existed and been maintained by them in a form more or less offensive.

It is a matter of no consequence what interpretation Sir John Pakington or Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, both open sympathisers with Secession, choose to put on Mr. Gladstone's language. It is not of the slightest importance that the former gives it as his opinion that "the time has come for the Great Powers of Europe to make some effort to put an end to this fearful struggle." It may suit his purpose, which is the obvious one of "giving aid and comfort" to the rebels, to look solemn, and pronounce the speech of the Chancellor as "of grave significance." It may be admitted that Sir Edward Bulwer really believes that "the Union can never be restored," although it is not clear by what process of reasoning he gets at the conclusion that slavery (the sole

cause of the rebellion, and, in the language of the Southern Vice-President, "the corner-stone" of the new political edifice), "will not long survive the separation."

Admitting that Mr. Gladstone's speech means "recognition," and that the foreshadowed period for recognition has arrived—what of it? It will in no essential respect alter the relations of England to the controversy. She gave all the tangible advantages of recognition to the South when she accepted it as a "belligerent power," and gave it all the rights and privileges of an independent and friendly state, with the single exception of letting in Mr. Mason in tights and knee-buckles to court receptions. We do not attach much importance to the fact that the rebel emissary was denied admission at the front door of the Foreign Office, so long as he had the run of the backstairs and got the ear of the Cabinet officials, all the same. All that England could do for the South, of any real value, except declaring war against the United States and combining her fleets and armies with those of the rebels, she did at the very outset



THE HARTFORD HORSEFAIR. VIEW IN FRONT OF THE JUDGE'S STAND—THE DRAGON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE P. 12 764

of the war. She supplies them now with arms and clothing, builds their piratical vessels for them, extends favors to their Sumters and Nashvilles, which she denies to our Tuscaroras, and in every possible way exerts her influence in their behalf.

What more can our enemy and reviler do? Will her recognition of the South be more than an empty form? Will it disband our armies, disable our Monitors, drive Butler out of New Orleans, or save Richmond, Charleston, Savannah and Mobile from the fate which impends over them? Will our soldiers throw down their arms because a "nigger-driver" from Virginia, where the Prince of Wales received his sole insult while in this country, shall have the official right to offend the Queen with his plantation manners, or walk straight into the Foreign Office, instead of following the more circuitous but already familiar route by way of the porter's staircase?

And here we may add, that while the North will care nothing for the policy which England may pursue as to "recognition," we believe that the South will care just as little, particularly after reading Mr. Gladstone's speech, wherein he intimates that one of the principal objects of England in seeking to effect a separation of the Union, is to be enabled the more easily and securely to bully the new Confederacy—a diversion from which it has hitherto been restrained by the power of the North—and the more speedily and easily to abolish slavery, which, according to the Chancellor, received its support and security from the North! Said Mr. Gladstone:

"I confess it to be my own opinion that it is greatly for the interest of the negro race that they should have to do with their own masters alone, and not, as has hitherto been the case, with their masters backed by the whole power of the Federal Government of the United States. (Hear, hear.) Pray observe that that has been the state of things subsisting heretofore, and which some persons, I think mistakenly, have thought it desirable, in the interest of the negro, to maintain. The laws by which the slaves have been governed have been laws not made by the Federal Government, but by the owners of slaves themselves, while for the enforcement of these laws the slaveowners have, under the Constitution of the United States, had a right to call in aid the whole power of the American Union. (Hear.) I can, therefore, very well understand the arguments of those who think that it is not particularly to be desired, in the interests of the negro race, that the American Union should be reconstituted."

We regard then, this matter of "recognition," as perfectly inconsequent, and destitute of the slightest practical bearing on the war, except in so far as it may be a step preliminary to "Intervention." As to the probabilities, and if attempted, the results of the latter we have opinions perfectly clear and decided, which, to use a Gallicism, we shall "ventilate" on some future occasion. Meantime "recognition" may be pronounced an unmeaning form and a ridiculous parade, neither damaging to us or useful to our enemies.

Barnum's American Museum.

COLORED TROPICAL FISH swimming in the Aquaria, just obtained at a cost of over \$7,000, are a great acquisition. They are to be seen at all hours. SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Reviews, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

To the Literary Public.

CONSIDERABLE SUMS have been paid to foreign authors for the right of publishing their productions in this country simultaneously with their appearance abroad. We believe that proportionate inducements will call out, in the United States, talent in all respects equal to that which is displayed in the foreign productions so eagerly caught up and reprinted here; and that in the country of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne and Holmes the field of Fiction offers as wide a range and as hopeful promise as in any part of the world. In this belief, as well as to secure to our readers something truly original and indigenous, the Publisher of this paper offers

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We respectfully request our brethren of the press, not less for the sake of American Literature and American Authors than for our own, to give publicity to the above offer.

Review of the Week.

THE victory of Corinth has been followed up by another, if not of equal magnitude, quite as decisive in Arkansas. It was fought on the 22d of October at Maysville, near Pea Ridge, the field of Gen. Curtis's triumph of the 8th of March. The National forces were commanded by Gen. Blunt, attached to Gen. Schofield's corps, and the rebels were under Gen. Hindman. The enemy lost all his artillery, a great part of his supplies, and fled precipitately beyond the Boston Mountains into the valley of the Arkansas river. The plan of a rebel raid into Missouri from Arkansas is thus effectually defeated, and we may regard all attempts towards the invasion of that State at an end.

With the defeat and death of Gen. Sibley, and the expulsion of his rebel Texans from New Mexico, that Territory is restored to the quiet control of the National authorities. The troops under Gen. Canby have been recalled, and their place is to be filled by volunteers from California, a portion

of whom have already reached Santa Fe. The rebels are powerless to make any further demonstrations against New Mexico.

An important step towards the contemplated occupation of Texas was taken early in the month, when Sabine City, at the mouth of the river of the same name, which forms the boundary between Texas and Louisiana, was attacked and captured by a detachment of the Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Rear-Admiral D. D. Porter, commanding the Mississippi Flotilla, has reached his new field of operations, and is preparing for the reduction of Vicksburg, and the complete opening and patrol of the Mississippi river—a most important object, not only as regards the re-establishment of trade with New Orleans, but as cutting off the rebel forces in Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas from all communication with the rebels in the East. This done, it will be easy to crush out all opposition to the National authority in those States.

As every one with a knowledge of Gen. Buell's antecedents anticipated, Gens. Bragg and Kirby Smith, after ravaging Kentucky, have been allowed to escape from the State with all their immense spoil of clothing, provisions and horses! Buell, on some one of those pretenses which officers of his stamp have always ready, stopped his pursuit of the gorged and overloaded rebels at Oak Orchard, and retraced his steps. The disappointment and mortification occasioned by this last exhibition of his utter lack of generalship and energy, however, is in a great degree compensated for by his removal from command, and the substitution of Gen. Rosecrans in his place. His retention in command up to this time, after the evidence of his incompetence at Bowling Green, and of his inefficiency previously to the battle of Pittsburg Landing, has cost us nearly all the fruits of the splendid spring campaign in the West. As it is, we fear the change has come too late, and that through Buell's measureless imbecility Bragg will be able to combine with the rebels around Nashville and recapture that city before Rosecrans can repair his predecessor's blunders and march to its assistance. Gen. Negley is now there with a nominal force of 10,000 men, but with an effective force of not more than 5,000. With these he has made several brilliant and successful dashes on the rebel forces blockading him, and he will no doubt bravely contest every point with whatever numbers may be concentrated against him; but he will not be able to resist the hordes of Bragg combined with those of Anderson. Should he be compelled to capitulate, and another disaster at Nashville be superadded to that at Munfordsville, the men through whose influence, or at whose solicitation Gen. Buell has been so long retained in position, will be legitimately subject to the severest manifestations of popular indignation. Nor will the Government escape blameless from the consequences of its weakness in listening to such solicitations, in face of its plain duty, and in defiance of the clear will of the people.

On the Potomac affairs are in the usual muddle. With the exception of an occasional reconnaissance, which never seems to result in obtaining any clear knowledge of the enemy's position or purposes, the army lies idle and listless. Discontent and reported insubordination in some of the regiments are the natural consequence of inactivity. The men see with anger and disgust the approach of winter, with all its discomforts in the field, with more of suffering and of death from exposure and disease than could possibly result from half a dozen pitched battles, and they naturally protest against the incompetency and want of generalship which restrains them from terminating the war. The allegation that the army is detained by want of shoes and supplies is officially denied in Washington, but the pretext will probably be kept up, with a show of plausibility, until the unanswerable allegation of "mud" silences all clamor for a movement. Already the reporters begin to whisper "rain and mud," and the refrain will soon swell broad and strong, and the country will be obliged to witness the disgraceful spectacle of another winter like the last, in and around Washington, amidst the sneers of the world, and the redoubled exertions of the rebels and their sympathisers. The only apparent escape from such a disaster is in the realization of the rumors which have been for some days current, that Gen. Hooker is to be put at the head of the army of the Potomac, vice Gen. McClellan promoted to the place now held by Gen. Halleck, who, in turn, is to be transferred to his old department in the West. And all the people, thankful for any change which may be for the better, and can't be for the worse, say "Amen!"

Common sense and the popular will have achieved one victory in the removal of Buell and the substitution of Rosecrans. Let us take heart. The time has come when, in the language of country advertisers, the people are "thankful for the smallest favors."

Sunday Scenes in London.

THE pretended civilization of England received a striking, but to those acquainted with that country a by no means surprising illustration in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday, the 5th of October. On the preceding Sunday it seems that a kind of Garibaldi sympathising meeting had been attempted in the Park, which was broken up by what the papers called "a mob of English roughs and Irish sympathisers with the Pope." Some heads were broken, and the Park was the scene of a great deal of rowdiness and violence. On the succeeding Sunday, that to which we particularly refer, although there was no meeting called, yet for the pure love of rowdiness, and the gratification of their natural and national brutal instincts, an enormous mob gathered in the Park, estimated to number upwards of 100,000, which, after swaying to and fro for awhile, finally engaged in a general scuffle. The London papers, which always lay every breach of the peace on the Irish, allege that "the disturbance was opened by a body of Irishmen, armed with clubs, who commenced hurraing for the Pope, and shouting for Garibaldi." They add that the challenge was taken up by the crowd, and that a number of peaceable soldiers were assailed by the anti-Garibaldi faction, when the fight became general, defying all the efforts

of the police at intervention, and only terminating with the approach of darkness. Before its close, it is said, there were over 200,000 people, more or less, engaged in rioting in the Park. Upwards of 2,000 men, women and children were wounded. All the surgeons' and apothecaries' shops, for many blocks in every direction, were crowded with the injured participants. The papers announce, with apparent satisfaction, that the Irish got the worst of the fight.

This is a specimen of England in the 19th century! This is how the Sabbath is kept in the Metropolis of the British Empire—that moral centre which pretended to be struck aghast at the wholesome proclamation against indecent women, made by Gen. Butler in New Orleans! It is a great pity that London could not be subjected to the regimen of control by Gen. Butler for a few weeks. We will engage to say that under his administration there would be no bloody Sunday riots in Hyde Park.

300,000 Conscripts, and What are We to Do with Them?

IN May peremptory orders were issued by the Government to stop recruiting, under the allegation that we had all the men in the field that we required. In July, after the loss of between 50,000 and 80,000 by battle and disease on the Peninsula, the nation was startled by a call, breathing of panic, for 300,000 volunteers "for three years or the war." This was soon followed by another call, a compound of spasmodic energy, bravado and fear, for 300,000 nine months men, to be raised by volunteering or conscription. There was, in all this, an evident trace of the Chinese notions of war, among the first of which is a belief in frightening an enemy by an exhibition of numbers—just as though 1,000 men well educated in war, well armed, and, above all, well led, were not worth twenty times that number, hastily gathered by conscription, and thrust into camps or forced into battle, an ineffective and cumbersome mass, to be decimated by disease, or slaughtered like sheep, and only contributing, under the heading of "killed, wounded and prisoners," to swell the triumph of the enemy!

There is only one possible rational explanation of the call for 300,000 conscripts. That call can only be exempted from characterization as idiotic, except on the assumption that the men to be raised under it were to be used in the duty, by no means unimportant, of holding the ground which might be gained, or as Mr. Lincoln phrases it, "recovered," by the regular army of "three years and the war" men, on whom alone reliance could be had for effective offensive operations. It is equally clear, on the hypothesis of an intelligent purpose in making the call for these nine-months' men, that the Government contemplated an active fall campaign; in fact, that it had determined "to break the back of the rebellion" before the setting in of winter. For it is inconceivable that it should have been so hopelessly stupid as to think of calling 300,000 men into its service for nine months, five of which, during the winter, would, from necessity, be spent in camp, with all the consequences of suffering, disease and death, and at frightful cost to the treasury, merely for the sake of discharging and paying what remained of them on the opening of summer, and just when they might possibly be of use.

Leibnitz says, "there is nothing without a cause," and, as we have said, there must have been a purpose in calling for these 300,000 nine months' conscripts. That purpose we have indicated, so far as it is capable of a rational indication. But meantime the autumn has come and nearly passed. The active fall campaign, which the Government evidently intended and looked for, and in which the nine months' conscripts were to perform the part of garrisons for the anticipated conquered territory, while our victorious legions pushed onwards to the Gulf—that decisive campaign, brilliant in design and glorious in anticipated results, has not been carried out according to the programme. The victors of South Mountain and Antietam rest, and have rested for many weary weeks within a few miles of the scenes of their triumphs—weighed down by a load of incapacity or Treason, which the life of the nation cannot much longer bear. This incapacity, or whatever else it may be, has defeated the plan which the Government evidently had in view in July. It is now November. A week, or it may be three weeks (brief, fleeting weeks!), intervene between the time we write and the season longed-for by incapable Generals, and prayed for by trembling rebels, when any important military operations east of the Alleghanies will become impossible.

The question now arises: "The obvious object of raising 300,000 conscripts for nine months having been defeated, is it wise to proceed with the conscription?" Is it wise to put 300,000 men into winter quarters, where the elements of war, from the circumstances of the case, can only be imperfectly learned, at fearful risks to health and life and at an incalculable cost to the Treasury, and where they must, from necessity, remain for five months in inactivity before they can possibly be made available in the field—five months out of the nine during which they are required to serve? Suppose all these men are raised; they cannot be made available before May or June, when they will have only from 50 to 90 days to serve, and by their release at the end of that time, weakening, if not paralyzing our army at precisely the time best fitted for active operations at the outset of the summer campaign! To do so will only be to give our commanders that excuse for inaction, of which they are and have been only too eager to avail themselves.

We favor the system of conscription, and only regret that it was not earlier adopted, to the exclusion of the vicious system of bounties to volunteers. It is the only system by which a people liable to be involved in war can protect its existence; it is just and economical. We hope never to hear of a call for another volunteer. The arms-bearing portion of the people is the Nation's capital, on which it has the right and ought to draw as necessity requires. But we do object to this autumnal conscription for the brief period of nine months—five of which will be useless, deadly and costly. Let it be for a year, or, better still, let it be from the 1st of April, 1863, to January 1st, 1864. Common sense,

economy and a decent regard for human life point to some such modification of an order issued with reference to circumstances and purposes which time and military imbecility have overruled and defeated.

We have but one word more. The Government may contemplate a winter campaign. But as it does not appear to contemplate a change in commanders, it is perfectly obvious "to the meanest intelligence," that no winter campaign will take place. Our iron-clads may make Wilmington, Charleston, Mobile and Galveston uncomfortable, and we have no doubt Com. Porter will finish the work which Foote commenced, and really open the Mississippi river. Perhaps Rosecrans, if he be not immediately replaced by some great military genius like Buell, may inconsiderately disturb the rebel repose in Mississippi and Alabama; but beyond that, we have small faith in hearing anything, all through this dreary winter, except the cheering and novel (!) announcement that "All is quiet on the line of the Potomac!"

A Divided North.

THE recent elections have shown that the attempt to revive old party lines, which, during the first year of the war seemed wholly obliterated, has been largely successful. How far this result may prove to be fortunate or unfortunate remains to be disclosed. It may have the effect to check somewhat the arbitrary assumption and exercise of extraordinary powers, which have been too often and too lightly made by the Executive officers of the Government during the past year, and it may, in other respects, have the good effects of "a healthy opposition." This remains to be seen. The sole result, however, thus far apparent, has been to inspire the rebels with new life and new hopes. Their papers already exult with demoniac glee over what they regard as "a divided North." The *Richmond Examiner* exclaims joyfully: "Northern unity is ended! For the last two years there has been but one party in the United States. This fatal fact has caused the death of men by the hundred thousand. * * BUT THIS UNITY IS DEAD, AND THIS FACT IS THE MOST-FAVORABLE FEATURE NOW APPARENT OF THE PRESENT SITUATION. * * The late political developments in the North have a more serious interest than the military news of the day, important as these are."

Patriots may well distrust the momentary satisfaction of a party triumph, when it is hailed with such delight by traitors and the deadly enemies of our country's integrity and glory!

GARIBALDI.—The King of Italy has granted an amnesty to Garibaldi and his followers, with the exception of those soldiers who left the regular army to join him. Five of these have been tried and sentenced to be shot. As regards the amnesty, it is stated that Garibaldi says, as the decree was addressed to persons who were considered as guilty, and as his conscience acquitted him of guilt, he disdained to accept the amnesty on such terms, and reserved to himself the right of protesting against it.

REBEL FINANCES.—The *Richmond Examiner* says it is ascertained from official returns furnished by the Treasury Department, that the whole expenditure of the Government from its commencement to the 1st of August 1862, amounted to \$347,272,958 85. The whole amount of Government stock issued was only \$74,000,000, and the amount of Treasury notes issued was \$210,000,000. The Government requires \$210,000,000 to meet its expenses up to January next.

DURING THE WAR OF 1812.—Gold was sold at a premium of 35 per cent., so that the sales of Wall street are now up to the mark of the olden time.

CENTRAL PARK.—Our readers will be able to form some idea of the extent to which the great Metropolitan Park is used from the following statistics. On Saturday last, no less than 21,026 pedestrians, 531 equestrians, and 4,378 carriages entered the Park on that day, making a total of nearly 40,000 visitors in one day. The new music pavilion, a structure of great beauty, is approaching completion. The music, the gondola and other boats, the lake and the gay throng of visitors, combine to make the Park a scene of beauty which is rarely surpassed.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION.—The so-called "World's International Exhibition," in London, has proved a failure in every sense. The building is a hideous monstrosity, and while the expense of "getting it up" has been much greater than was the affair of 1851, the receipts have been considerably less. The building, or the materials that compose it, will have to be sold to pay the contractors, and the whole affair, which can only be compared to a gigantic advertising van, will very soon be forgotten. Among the disagreeable, and we may add disgraceful, revelations connected with it, in its later days, is the story of a certain "son of an Earl," who obtained \$10,000, and now claims \$5,000 more, for exercising his "influence" in getting the Commissioners of the Exhibition to award the contract for building it to the Messrs. Vellard. The story will probably come out in full before a law court. Altogether, the Exhibition was an abject failure and infected throughout by bribery and corruption. We shall not be surprised to hear that the prizes were awarded to the "highest bidder."

EXPORTS FROM NEW YORK.—The export clearances of domestic produce at New York, for the week ending October 25, as reported at the Custom House, amounted to over \$5,000,000. This is the first instance in the history of the port of New York that so large a weekly export of \$5,000,000 has been reached, exclusive of specie. Compared with this time last season, when the movement was unusually heavy, and with the same week in 1860, the following is the comparison:

	1860.	1861.	1862.
For the week.....	\$2,072,047	\$3,815,470	\$5,077,436
Previously reported ..	75,434,294	101,336,116	113,962,601
Since January 1.....	\$77,506,341	\$105,151,586	\$119,040,037

THE PASSAIC.—The second Ericsson battery, the Passaic, is almost finished. The gun-ports are open in the turret, and the guns themselves look solemnly through and forbid any attempt at familiarity; indeed the appearance of these monstrous cannon, one of 15-inches bore and the other 11, and weighing respectively 42,000 lbs. and 15,000 lbs., would seem to be sufficiently appalling to the enemy if he could examine them, without the argument of the 500 lbs. of iron which the larger one throws. The other defences, combined with the ordnance, will make the Passaic the most formidable vessel now afloat, with the exception of the unfinished Roanoke.

THEIR TENDER MERCIES.—Gen. Prentiss, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, in a speech recently delivered in Chicago, related his experience in rebellion. Among others, he told the following incident:

"At Atlanta, Georgia, confined in a court-house, we perceived a large procession coming up the street, two or three wagons and a great concourse of men, women and children following. When they were opposite to us we beheld some men rise in the wagons and raise their caps to us. We counted them. They were on their way to the gallows. They were United States soldiers from the State of Ohio, and were taken out and hung within 200 yards of our prison. The rope broke with two

of them. They were compelled to stand and behold the struggles of the other five until they were dead. Then they were strung up too, and paid the penalty for doing—what? For endeavoring to get to our lines. They had strayed off, reached to that place, got possession of a railroad train, tore up nothing, destroyed nothing, stole nothing, but simply took possession of the train. But they neglected to cut the telegraph wire in time; news was telegraphed down to Chattanooga, a force was sent up, caught them, tried and condemned them without their knowing it, and then they took them out of prison and hung them. They died as loyal men. They died a glorious and heroic death. They died for their Government. They were asked to recant before they were swung off, but they said 'No, we are ready; we volunteered to shed our blood in defence of our country, whose privileges we have enjoyed. We are at your service to do your bidding.' They were hung. I have their names."

WHEN the news of the amnesty to Garibaldi and his followers reached Varignano the General was sleeping. "What is it?" said he, as he awoke about midnight, and heard an unusual noise of talking around him, "What is it?" "The amnesty has come." "Oh!" said he, drowsily, and, turning round on his side, he fell off to sleep again.

ANOTHER letter from Gen. Kearny has been made public, dated May 18, 1862, in which he said:

"McClellan has painfully disappointed even those who expected very little from him—even me, who have sifted him from the first. His talents for mathematics do not seem to apply in any one respect. Every calculation of his is a stupid, sleepy failure, or most artless, yet dangerous rascal. Still, I never expected to find him introducing a want of fair-play to those who carry out his fighting, whilst he stays in the rear."

A SPRIGHTLY editress, in reply to a correspondent, who asks her if she wears hoops, exclaims, "Hoops, indeed! why, we don't wear anything else!" The italics are her own.

THE CAUSE OF SECESSION.—In the rebel Congress, Mr. Hill, of Georgia, lately made the following declarations as to the fact of Secession:

"No man found cause for dissolution in anything the Federal Government did; for all declared they wanted to preserve the Union until Lincoln was elected. Not against the Supreme Court, that tribunal was faithful to the last. Not against the Federal Congress, for there you had a majority. Not against Mr. Buchanan, par excellence the man chosen by the South."

LOSSES AMONG GENERAL OFFICERS.—The following table shows the number of casualties and resignations among the general officers in both armies since the commencement of the war:

	UNION.		REBEL.	
	Maj.-Gens.	Brig.-Gens.	Maj.-Gens.	Brig.-Gens.
Killed.....	3	11	1	16
Died.....	1	4	1	3
Resigned.....	0	6	1	9
Declined.....	0	6	0	0
Relieved.....	0	0	1	2
Total.....	4	24	4	30

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES.—The law for the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies passed the States General of Holland by a majority of 45 to 7. The following are the regulations adopted respecting the slave abolition at Surinam:

- 1st. The abolition of slavery on the 1st of July, 1863.
- 2d. The owners to receive a compensation of 300 guilders (\$120) for each slave.
- 3d. The supervision of the State not to continue for more than 10 years at the outside.
- 4th. The Government encourages immigration, and offers for that purpose, for a period of five years, premiums not to exceed 1,000,000 of guilders (\$400,000).
- 5th. Fixed labor to be obligatory on all the emancipated."

ORIGIN OF WORDS.—Very many words in common use may be traced to the names of places where they originated, such as bayonet from Bayonne, France, cambrie from Cambray, diaper from d'Ypes, and martinet from a strict French officer of that name, who had at one time the regulation of the French infantry. The word carpet is from Cairo, where it was first woven, and *topeto*, the Italian word for tapestry, so that carpets are literally Cairo tapestry.

A POLL of the soldiers who have gone to the war from Mr. Schuyler Colfax's district in Indiana, gives the following political classifications:

Whole number of men enlisted.....	11,004
Of whom there were voters.....	8,110
Of these were Republicans.....	6,125
Of these were Democrats.....	1,935

A WRITER in the *New York Times* says, truly, of Victor Hugo's characters:

"They are too fearfully and wonderfully made to be of human origin. They walk on stilts with their heads in the clouds, or else burrow in the mud like moles. In no place can we walk with them or understand them; invariably they are either beyond or below reach. Their atmosphere is one in which human sympathy cannot follow them."

GARIBALDI.—We last week published a strange prose poem, or poetical adjuration, addressed by Garibaldi to the English people. It sounds more like the speeches of Laon and Laone, in the "Revolt of Islam," than any one would expect from a great captain who, however romantic his fate, has habitually had to deal with much vulgar reality, with cunning politicians and swearing soldiers and drunken sailors, and the coarsest materials of human life. A correspondent of the *London Daily News* has described the General's demeanor during his illness at Varignano in a way that renders this strange rhapsody to England more intelligible. He seldom reads, it is said, and seldom speaks, but lies there in an attitude of perfect tranquillity and serenity, with eyes half-closed and a dreamy air of rest, though never without a word of cheerful thanks for every service. The language of convalescence is the very mood for reverie, and Garibaldi has always been by nature a dreamer—his audacity fed on those great visions which substitute ideal shadows in the place of men and nations, and sometimes, in rare cases such as this, may also help a man to translate the ideal shadows of his own mind into the daily life of men and nations.

SCHEDULE OF INTERNAL REVENUE STAMPS.—The following schedule has just been issued at the Office of Internal Revenue, and will be found of great convenience to the business public. All of these stamps are now ready for delivery:

"Agreement stamps, 5 cents each. Bank check (night draft or order), 2 cents each. Inland bill of exchange (draft or note) of \$20 to \$100, 5 cents each; exceeding \$100 to \$200, 10 cents; \$200 to \$350, 15 cents; \$350 to \$500, 20 cents; \$500 to \$750, 30 cents; \$750 to \$1,000, 40 cents; \$1,000 to \$1,500, 50 cents; \$1,500 to \$2,500, \$1; \$2,500 to \$5,000, \$1.50. Foreign bill of exchange, draft or note, 3 cents; \$150 to \$250, 5 cents; \$250 to \$500, 10 cents; \$500 to \$1,000, 15 cents; \$1,000 to \$1,500, 20 cents; \$1,500 to \$2,500, 30 cents; \$2,500 to \$3,500, 50 cents; \$3,500 to \$5,000, 70 cents; \$5,000 to \$7,500, \$1. Bill of lading, 10 cents. Express, 1, 2 and 5 cents. Bond, 50 and 25 cents. Certificate, 2, 5, 10 and 25 cents. Charter party, \$2, \$5 and \$10. Contract, 10 cents. Conveyance, 50 cents, \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20. Telegram, 1 and 5 cents. Entry of goods, 25, 50 cents, and \$1. Policy of insurance, 25, 50 cents and \$1. Lease, 50 cents and \$1. Manifest, \$1, \$3 and \$5. Mortgage, 50 cents, \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$25. Passage ticket, 50 cents and \$1. Power of attorney, 10, 25 cents and \$1. Probate of will, 50 cents, \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20. Fictitious, 25 cents. Warehouse receipt, 25 cents. Legal document, 50 cents. Proprietary stamps (medicines, perfumery, etc.) 1, 2, 3 and 4 cents. Playing cards, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 cents.

THE manufacture of paper from the leaves of Indian corn is becoming extensive in Austria. The paper is said to be tougher than any ordinary paper made from rags, while it is almost wholly free from silica, which makes paper produced from straw so brittle.

ELEVEN REBELLIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Since the organization of the Federal Government 11 attempts have been made to resist its authority. The first was in 1782—a conspiracy of some of the officers of the Federal army to consolidate the 13 States into one, and

confer the supreme power upon Washington. The second in 1787, called Shay's insurrection in Massachusetts. The third in 1794, called the Whisky insurrection of Pennsylvania. The fourth in 1814, by the Hartford Convention. The fifth in 1820, on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union. The sixth was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to the lands given to the Creek Indians. The seventh was in 1830, with the Cherokees in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable nullifying ordinance of South Carolina, in 1832. The ninth was in 1842, in Rhode Island, between the Suffrage Association and the State authorities. The 10th was in 1856, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the Federal authorities. The 11th is the present attempt at Secession.

HOW TO BEAT THE ENEMY.—What are the means we must adopt in order to beat the enemy? The moral forms are invincible determination, self-sacrifice, a never-failing alacrity in duty, and a prompt use of every means that can attain it. He marches without baggage, without shoes, without medicines, enduring hardship, cold, rain and want of sleep. Those who are to beat him must do the same. If the laws of military life are set at naught by the enemy we must ignore them also. He doubles like a fox, with untiring energy and skill. Quick apprehension and quicker movements on our part are necessary to catch him. He audaciously marches into our territory, trusting for food to the green corn growing upon its summer stalks, and green apples from chance orchards on his route. Invade his territory thus, leaving the tens of thousands of baggage wagons behind. The Romans rightly named them *impedimenta*, and Napoleon called them *embarras*. Baggage is pleasant, but those who need it cannot fight those who do not.

THE *Richmond Examiner* of a late date says it is proposed in some parts of the South to make a forced conscription of slaves for purposes of labor, and it adds: "As the war originated, and is carried on in great part for the defence of the slaveholder in his property, rights, and the perpetuation of the institution, he ought to be first and foremost in aiding, by every means in his power, the triumph and success of our arms. The slaveholder ought to remember that for every negro he thus furnishes he puts a soldier in the ranks."

THE GREAT NECESSITY.—Our gallant troops are clamorous for advance; the Government desires it, and the preparations which have been making for it surely must now be fully perfected. We have, or ought to have, means for a decisive battle. History should have to record that in the autumn of 1862, not far from the Potomac, on or near the ground of its first hydra manifestations, the great American Rebellion was crushed and destroyed. Shall this be done? Humanity demands this speedy solution. Bleeding men, suffering families, bereaved wives, orphan children, wasted lands, an inflated currency, comfort at home, respect abroad—all cry aloud for an immediate, vigorous, irresistible advance on all points, to put an end to this atrocious rebellion, at whose door lies the long catalogue of sufferings and sorrows just mentioned, and whose death alone will end them.

BAGGING THE REBELS.—People are getting tired of so much talk about bagging rebels. Our forces are always about to bag rebels, but don't bag them. The promises come daily off, but the bagging doesn't. When Lee's forces crossed the Potomac into Maryland, it was published everywhere that our army would bag the whole of them, but it didn't. When Stuart's cavalry more recently made a bold dash 200 miles through Maryland into Pennsylvania, the country was vehemently assured that we should bag every man of them, but we didn't. When Gen. Hill, a few days ago, made a grand rush into Frankfort, Ky., scattering Morgan's guerrillas, we were cheered with the declaration that he could bag the last man of them, but he couldn't. When Bragg retreated after the battle of Chaffin Hills, we were all exhilarated with the intelligence that Buell, Gilbert and Granger were on all sides of him hemming him in, and that they would bag him just as certainly as he lived, but they did nothing of the sort. When we hear of rebel troops being completely "hemmed in," we can hardly help responding—"ahem!" As for bags, the rebels generally give us the bag to hold, but not with themselves in it.

ABUSE OF CONFIDENCE.—It now appears that the letter of Gen. Scott to Mr. Seward, read by Mr. John Van Buren at a late Seymour meeting, was made public without the cognizance or permission of either Gen. Scott or Mr. Seward. The too common and disgraceful practice of using private letters without authority is rendered all the more conspicuous in the case of Mr. Van Buren, who is no ignorant stump-swinger, on whose behalf could be used the plea that "the poor devil knew no better," but a man who has mingled widely with the world since his youth, and knows perfectly well that he was "guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman" in making such use as he did of the letter of Gen. Scott. We are the more surprised at the conduct of Mr. Van Buren when we recall to mind the mortification which he ought to have experienced, some years ago, when some of his own private correspondence was published by the notorious Mackenzie. The question how Mr. Van Buren got possession of the letter remains unanswered, but a correspondent of the *Herald* indicates a possible, if not the probable, channel through which it reached his hands:

"It is well known here that this letter was one of Gen. Scott's hobbies. He always kept a copy of it in the drawer of his desk. He was proud of it, and read it on almost all occasions to his visitors. His pride in this respect was so well known, that whoever desired to conciliate him asked for a copy of that letter. There are numerous copies of it in existence. The two ladies who upon a memorable occasion wore chaplets around the brow of the old hero, and who have figured conspicuously in photographic pictures, have copies of it; and I nearly every lady who was wont to visit Gen. Scott would ask and obtain a copy. The letter was Gen. Scott's vanity. He was proud of its prophecy, and continually talked about it."

"*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* has reached its 15th volume, a sure proof that the public consider it as the great pictorial paper of America. It is now more than ever an indispensable guest in every household, being a pictorial history of the times. Its illustrations of the present civil war comprise every battle and event of importance, made from authentic sketches by his Special Artists, and are indeed the only reliable ones published. Its editorials also are of great interest, embracing every prominent topic, which are discussed with the greatest fearlessness and candor. To these great attractions are added Romance, Poetry and general literature, every number containing portions of a great and original Romance, besides shorter tales of stirring interest. The Music, Drama and Fine Arts are likewise fully and ably discussed. \$2 50 per annum."—*Delhi (N. Y.) Gazette*.

KILLING WITH KINDNESS.—We often literally kill our soldiers with kindness. The public ought to know, and the Secretary of the Sanitary Committee has issued an earnest letter of advice on the subject, that the thousand presents of what are supposed to be conveniences or luxuries sent to our soldiers in the field are not only generally of no use or value but hindrances and encumbrances. Mr. Olmsted states that "many hundred tons of such presents are now piled uselessly in storehouses and yards, and upon old camp grounds, while thousands have probably been destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and but a small part of all that have been received by those to whom they were addressed have been of the smallest value to them, except as tokens of the affectionate interest of their friends. For this purpose letters and such other small and light articles as can be transmitted by mail would have been much better. Larger gifts occasion serious practical mischief—men and officers being naturally averse to throwing them away, they add to the incumbrances which are the chief cause of the excessive fatigue, and thus of the sickness of the soldier. Volunteers almost universally, until they learn better by dear-bought experience, undertake to carry an excessive amount of clothing. To this cause, and to the excessive baggage of their officers, some of the severest losses of the Union forces in the present war are attributed by the highest military authority. But even when successful in battle, the attempt to secure comfort by the possession of an unusual amount of clothing is nearly always frustrated; the heaviest knapsack being thrown away at the first long continued hard march while the light one is retained, and the long and heavily laden wagon trains being cut off when the light and short one is protected."



THE PIRATE SHIP SUMTER, CAPT. SEMMES, ENTERING THE BAY OF GIBRALTAR—HER LAST VOYAGE AS A "CONFEDERATE" STEAMER



CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, FROM THE TOWER OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH. NOW USED AS A SIGNAL STATION BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE PIRATE SHIP SUMTER.

WHEN the events of the present rebellion are far enough removed to become historic, and we are sufficiently removed from the pedestal to see how a man or action appears, the ex-naval officer, Semmes, will occupy in the pages of our Macaulay the position of Blackbeard or a Kidd. It is humiliating to think that such a man ever wore the uniform of a navy which has had a Decatur and a Lawrence. As a companion to our last week's illustration of the pirate Semmes burning a prize to decoy vessels into his power—a device perfectly fiendish, since its effect will be to deter any vessel from going near a burning ship—we give a sketch of his former ship, the Sumter, entering the British port of Gibraltar, when she was abandoned by Semmes, owing to the vigilant blockade of the Tuscarora. Having already from time to time chronicled the doings of this famous ship, we have now merely to add that a Liverpool paper some months ago stated that a Jew merchant of Gibraltar had purchased the vessel, which is now employed between Genoa and Constantinople.

THE PRIZE ANGLO-CONFEDERATE STEAMER COLUMBIA.

THERE has been a species of poetical justice in the numerous instances where the "aid and comfort" furnished by England for the rebels have fallen into our hands. The splendid vessels built in the Tweed, the Mersey and the Clyde make up a very respectable navy, and the stores they held, although not wanted by us, would have given additional life to Jeff Davisdom. One of the last vessels captured by our cruisers is the Columbia, taken by the Santiago de Cuba off the coast of Florida. While she was unloading in the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, we sent our Artist to make sketches, that the

public might really know to what extent and how thoroughly the rebels are assisted by England. Our Artist made sketches during the delivery of the vessel, and we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Venables, who superintended the operation, for the facilities he extended to him.

The Columbia is a splendid iron screw steamer, of about 600 tons, most admirably built, and sumptuously fitted up. Indeed, had she been intended for King Jeff and Queen Verina, her cabins could not have been more beautifully upholstered. Our Artist has given a sketch of part of one of the cabins.

The cargo is very valuable. Among the articles are the following: One complete field battery of eight brass rifled guns, with everything appertaining to them, even to the harness for the horses. This battery is said to have cost \$50,000. The guns are of Austrian manufacture, and are considered to be very fine specimens of European artillery. There is also a very large supply of shot and shell for the guns.

Two thousand stand of Enfield rifles have been discovered, all new and in fine order, together with immense rolls of sheet lead, many very heavy blocks of spelter, 400 boxes of tin, and other articles of a like nature.

There are also \$3 bales of blankets of the very best quality, worth about \$700 a



PORTION OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF GEN. BANKS'S CORPS ON LOUDON HEIGHTS, OVERLOOKING HARPER'S FERRY, VA.

bale. They are all marked in large letters C. S. A. Besides these blankets there are many bales of army cloth and flannels, all of good quality, and well adapted for the use of our troops.

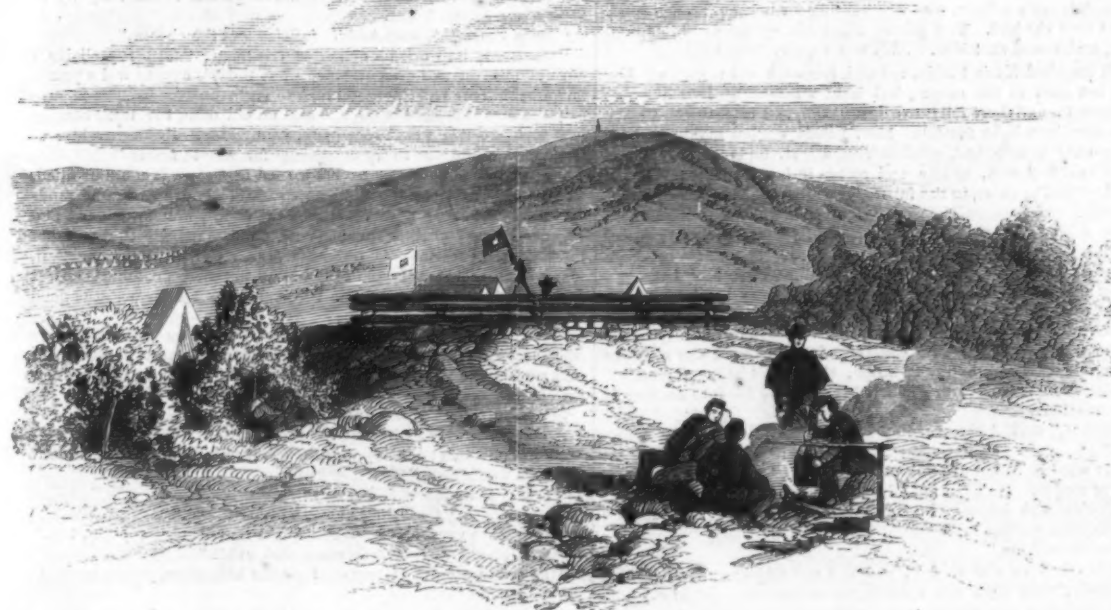
All the cargo that can be used by the Government for the army will be taken, such as those mentioned above. There are many large boxes of dry goods that have yet to be examined, and also several hundred chests of tea, a very large number of boxes of soap and candles, bags of spices, and other articles too numerous to mention.

The Columbia was bound to Charleston when intercepted by the Santiago de Cuba.

MARK TIME.—The following story is told of the late Gen. Nelson, of Kentucky. Occasionally some of the shrewd privates get and use an opportunity to cut the feathers of pompous officers, which always affords merriment to the whole camp. In fact, officers who clothe themselves with unapproachable dignity, and say, either by word or action, I am General, or I am Colonel, or when slightly riled, by G—d I'll let you know I am Captain of Company A, or B, or C, become targets for real rank victims. I cannot better illustrate this than by telling an anecdote which happened at Camp Joe Holt. I tell it as it was told to me. The camp guards after night are instructed to allow no one to pass in or out without giving a countersign, and to retain as prisoners those who come from outside to the lines without it. Gen. Nelson came to one of the guards one evening, just after the countersign had been given out, and held something like the following conversation:

Guard—"Halt! who comes there?"
Gen.—"I am Gen. Nelson, commanding this army."
Guard—"I don't care a d—n; mark time, march! Corporal of the Guard No. 1, cocking his piece."
Gen.—"Commencing to mark time slowly. "You G—d d—n fool, I'll have you punished like hell."
Guard—"I don't care a d—n; if McClellan was here without the countersign, he should mark time till the corporal comes. Quick time, march!"

Nelson, swearing and sweating, "Let me rest."
Guard—"No sirree; mark time."
By this time the news had spread like wildfire through the camp that one of the guards had Gen. Nelson out at post No. 1, marking time, and half of the regiment was collected on that side, enjoying the joke hugely. The corporal was very slow in coming, and every time Nelson would slacken speed, the guard would cock his gun and command mark time. By the arrival of the corporal the General's rage had so far subsided, that he, too, began to enjoy the humorous side of the joke.



NATIONAL SIGNAL STATION ON LOUDON HEIGHTS, HARPER'S FERRY, COMMUNICATING WITH THE STATION ON MARYLAND HEIGHTS. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

COULD IT HAVE BEEN?

The night was dark, and dank, and drear! the wind blew bitter cold; The sleety snow, with every gust, became more fierce and bold; The yellow gas, through leaded panes, along the pavement lay, And all the glory of the street had passed with night away; In dabbled heaps, with mud and filth, the cutting snowdrops lie, And only cheerless, shivering forms rush bent and hurried by.

I labored on with chosen steps and head bowed to the gale, When suddenly, from out the storm, there came a droning wail— I stopped like one when spoken to, and listened to the sound, And then, responsive to the moan, looked fearfully around: I saw a man, who cowering stood, in rags both scant and thin, Force moaning, wailing notes from out a wretched violin.

I marvelled much to see him choose so bleak, so dark a place, And sought, with curious scrutiny, to peer into his face; A moment's glance the tale revealed, his staring eyes were dim— All depths of darkness, light and shade, all were alike to him— Blind wanderer on a glorious earth, the sunshine or the storm Were one to him when he could keep his aged body warm!

And so I stood before the blast and hearkened to the song, While well-clothed, thoughtless, hurrying men went rapidly along: I heard that wretched violin tell all its screed of woe, In words as plain as man could speak, to the questions of the bow; I heard the story of a life, a life with clouds o'ercast, The sighs, the tears, the bitter moans for all the bitter past.

I once, it said, had friends and home, a wife and children fair, A home of peace and happiness, for love dwelt always there; And who on all the earth could make a little go so far, As she, the Mary of my love, my life's bright guiding star. Then I was cheerful, hale and strong, and work came freely in— I never sang a song of woe, through you, my violin.

When children came to bless our hearth, the neighbors far and near Declared they were the best they'd seen for many and many a year; They grew so fresh and rosy, and so cunning in their ways, That I and Mary stood full oft and watched them in amaze. I saw them all—four sweet-faced girls—grow up to womanhood, I felt that they were beautiful, I knew that they were good.

The first that left us, Abigail, passed off one summer morn, When all the air was filled with life, the fields with ripening corn. She had been failing many months, but hope held to the last, We could not think our darling gone until the hour was past. It was the first great chastening blow that fell upon my head, When Abigail, my firstborn child, was numbered with the dead.

The next was Hannah, she so young, so thoughtless and so gay; I left her in the field, one noon, among the new made hay; Within an hour the girl was gone, they sought her high and low, And soon they brought my child to me—oh God! what dreadful woe! They took her from the river's bed, and from her pallid lips The fearful death-slime came away in slowly oozing drips.

Then Mary, with her golden hair, and skin like tinted pearl, She looked so like her mother did, when she was but a girl. So angel-like our Mary seemed, so angel like from birth, That many a time my whispering heart would doubt her of the earth. One day it pleased her God to call our angel to His throne, And Mary's mother and myself were left once more alone.

Not not alone, there still was one, a wanton, wandering child, A truant from our homely hearth, by false sworn love beguiled. We sought by every wile we knew to win her back again, But guilty love was strong enough to make our prayers in vain. We heard but little after this, but when we did, we plead With God to take the nameless one, much better she were dead.

Since Mary, who for forty years I never knew to frown; Since Mary, she who shared my cross, has gone to wear her crown; Since God was pleased to take the light of day from out mine eyes, I've pondered on the memory with weary, wasting sighs; And oh! I would it were His will to hear my voiceless cry, That I might feel the nameless one, once more before I die.

The music changed with one deep sob into the tones of prayer, So mournfully, so pleadingly, upon the cutting air; A woman dressed in drabbed robes went flitting idly by, With painted cheeks and bloodless lips, with dim and sunken eye; She stopped and turned her ill-lit back upon the whistling blast, And listened with an eager air unto the very last.

The music ceased, the woman reached toward the blind old man; She stooped her head, with starting eyes, she clenched her hands and ran;

But suddenly, with faltering steps, she tottered back again, And stood as though her gasping lips were seeking words in vain: A moment thus I watched the two, the man's unconscious form, The woman bent and kissed his hand, then fled into the storm.

New York, Oct. 15th.

J. W. WATSON.

DOUGHNUTS IN CAMP.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"WELL, sergeant, we are ordered off day after to-morrow."

"I'm glad of it," replied a tall, handsome soldier; "it can't be much worse than we've had it. The men are almost demoralized; and as for food, why I'm hungry as a bear myself."

"True, there's a screw loose somewhere. But some of us will care little for rations two weeks from now," and the men passed on.

The scene changes to a Pennsylvania village, a farmhouse kitchen, and a pretty, black-eyed woman in consultation with her husband.

"I know it's a good deal—perhaps too much—but our three-plies has been in wear near fifteen years, and don't you think it looks shabby?"

"I do think it looks shabby, Katie dear, and mind, I don't blame you in the least for wanting a new carpet. My imagination has gone through those old threads, trying to restore the color, till it is almost as much worn as they are. Candidly, my dear, I do think you ought to have a new carpet, and here are \$100. If you had not spoken about the matter, I should have given them to you."

"Thank you," said the little woman, on whom they were bestowed, with something more than a smile, "how good you are."

"No better than I ought to be, with such a wife," was the answer, accompanied with another kiss.

"Oh, fie! and here we've been married twenty years," she said, laughingly.

"Which makes a kiss all the sweeter," was his reply. "But I must go and leave you to yourself, with that terrible temptation on your hands. I can almost see you looking in at every poor family on your way to town, to see if there isn't something that your money

would rather be engaged in than paying for a handsome Brussels carpet."

"Oh, you needn't fear this time. The carpet's got to come," she replied. "I shall keep my eyes shut steadily all the way to town, and let Peter drive me, lest my resolution might be shaken."

"Very well, mind you do. Good-bye, then. I shall be gone a month this time. Keep as happy as you can, and have the new carpet down by the time I come back."

"Good-bye," and she stood in the porch holding back her tears. Presently she walked a little way, opened one of the French windows and stepped into the parlor.

And a very pretty room it was, handsomely furnished, with the exception of the carpet, now getting threadbare and faded. The neat oval mirrors, rare pictures, blue and lace hangings and tasteful lounges corresponded fully with the delicate wall paper of white and gold.

"Dear me, how shabby this carpet does look!" she said, opening the shutter and allowing a long ray of light to fall in. I had no idea it was quite so bad, for I have looked at it as Charles says he has, with the eyes of my imagination, and supplied its shortcomings with the colors of my fancy. I think I deserve the carpet for my magnanimity in consenting that he should buy those two pictures the last time he had a hundred to spare. But the pictures are so beautiful, though!" and she paused before a sweet grouping, rendered almost living by the touch of a thorough artist.

"I'll take this carpet for my front room upstairs," she further soliloquized. "By changing and piecing, I can remedy all deficiencies, and it will really make a pretty show there. Mrs. Ellis, is that you?" she exclaimed, as turning she saw a sad face gazing in at the window. "What's the matter?"

"Matter! oh, Mrs. Fields, I'm so wretched all the time since Thaddy listed. It seems as if I didn't know what to do with myself. I jest wander round the house like a ghost, and see his image in every corner. But it's a dead one. It don't speak to me, nor smile in his own sweet way. Oh! Mrs. Fields, what shall I do?" and a pair of thin hands dashed the tears from the pale blue eyes.

"Come in here—sit right down. No, not there—in this nice easy chair. Let me take your bonnet off—you're warm and tired," and she gently stroked the gray hair back from the temples.

"And then the stories I hear," murmured poor Mrs. Ellis, with another burst of tears, "how that they've been kept so poorly that they're almost starved to death, and are ordered off in a day or two, and hardly a blessed cent to help themselves with."

"How did you hear that?" asked Mrs. Fields, laying the bonnet down, and seating herself in the corner of the sofa; "are you sure it's reliable? How did you hear of it, Mrs. Ellis?"

"Well, not from Thaddy. He'd starve before he'd say aught to me. He isn't one of the complaining sort; never was. I used to wish he'd speak up like other lads; but no, he was always with his mother, and he knewed her trials, and thought her heart was full enough, maybe."

"I think he had spunk enough, at any rate; he enlisted," said Mrs. Fields, with some excitement of manner. "Yes; I am sure your Thaddy is brave, and you ought to be proud of him."

"Well, I don't know," replied Mrs. Ellis, half querulously. "I'd rather have him home to love and do for, than away to be proud of myself, for I'm always on the worry. And there's the chances! Oh, Mrs. Fields, I do think," she added, a sob between every word, "that if he was killed—I'd never lift my head up again—never. I'd want to die. What would I have to live for?"

"We'll not think of that yet awhile," said Mrs. Fields, soothingly. "You must stay with me all day. I'll cheer you up. But about this news—do tell me how you heard it."

"Why, it came in a letter to George Hughes. You know his son went out, sergeant, like my boy."

"Yes."

"Well, that's the way I got it—not from Hughes, though, but Nelly White, who sews for them. It's a fact that they don't have half enough to eat—they're almost starved; and to think how some of them have been lying there for months on that nasty food, crackers and pork. I'm poor, I know; but Thaddy was always used to better than that. Oh, Mrs. Fields, I wake up in the dead of the night, and it seems as if I should go crazy. I'd sell the house I live in if I only owned it, or I'd raise money on it some way, just to feed those poor fellows. I think Government is mean and stingy. I do so."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Fields, quietly, "we mustn't accuse Government. In all probability it's an oversight, not intentional neglect. You run upstairs, Mrs. Ellis, and sit with Addy; I'll put on my bonnet and go over to Hughes. I'd like to know all about it."

The grocer was dusting his counter and setting aside sundry packages of brown paper. He was an undersized, fat man, with a white apron and a shiny face, and a remarkable faculty of touching the roots of his hair with the bushy tips of his eyebrows. He managed that little feat dexterously as he caught sight of Mrs. Fields.

"Well, madam? Good-morning—glad to see you. Oh, Charley's letter!" he added, as Mrs. Fields explained her mission. "Well, yes, the privates, poor things, do seem to suffer. Fact is, they're out of money and almost out of provisions. Bad thing, this soldier life. I wish I was a rich man, Mrs. Fields, I'd do something for them. Unfortunately, I'm not a rich man, and I believe I've done about all I can do."

Forestalling all charitable demands, clearly, Mrs. Fields felt so, as she turned away with the remark, that she wasn't rich, either, but she couldn't see a soldier, who was fighting for her, suffer, if it took the last cent she had. The grocer lifted his eyebrows higher than before, and vowed that Mrs. Fields was a queer little body.

Back marched Katie Fields, red with her walk and vexation. She would not look at the carpet, but went straight by into her cozy sitting-room, and there fell into a brown study. Presently the silence was broken by a light footfall. Mrs. Fields started and looked up. It was only a soft-eyed, golden-tressed girl, folds of white linen thrown over her arm, needle and cotton in hand. How pretty she looked, standing there, in the fawn and white gingham, snowy collar and cuffs!

"Oh, Addy! Where's Mrs. Ellis? I'd forgotten her. What will she think?"

"Gone home," said the girl, briefly, seating herself. "I saw you coming across the lot, and thought you seemed worried."

"But why didn't she stay?" queried Mrs. Fields, with nervous earnestness. "I thought she'd stay and we'd comfort her."

"She was so uneasy—she couldn't sit still. Said she must be walking. She wasn't happy at home; she wasn't happy abroad."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Fields, absently, and fell into another fit of abstraction.

"Mother," said Addy, sewing vigorously, "I'd get it at Alder-son's."

"Get what? What are you talking about?"

"The carpet. He's got such lovely Brussels."

"How did you know? I mean, what made you— How did you know anything about it?"

"Father told me."

She blushed as she said it, and did not add what had followed, laughingly, that when the captain came back and should say anything particular, she would have something pretty to look at. Mr. Fields was greatly taken with the dashing captain of the 25th, who had stopped there, and shown a decided preference for the pretty

maid, his daughter. She, however, had other views, as we shall see presently.

"Don't get red and brown, mother; get a bright fawn and green. I like green in a carpet."

"Yes, said Mrs. Fields, absently. "Addy, what cheese is there in the house?"

"Cheese?" The girl looked up with surprise. "Father sent one home last night. There are two beside that. We didn't need any, but he thought we did."

"And hams; we've more than one, haven't we?"

"Yes, two; and almost all of the one we boiled yesterday."

"I shall have to go to work right away, then. Would two barrels of doughnuts be enough, should you think? There must be eight or nine hundred."

Addy suspended work, and opened her blue eyes to their widest dimensions.

"Why, mother, what are you driving at?"

"And our coffee-boiler, which we could take with us, and another kettle for tea. I don't believe they've known the taste of tea and coffee for months, poor fellows!"

"Mother, what do you mean?" queried Addy, rising in her seat, a look of concern clouding her fair features.

"Why, my dear, didn't poor Mrs. Ellis tell you about the 26th?"

"The 26th! no." Addy turned pale. "What is it about the 26th? Are they ordered away?"

"Yes, child, and they are almost starving. Our noble Pennsylvania boys! They've only had half rations, and of the poorest kind, for months."

"Oh, mother!"

"Yes, it's shamefully true."

"But what can we do? We are twenty miles from them."

"Do? I'll tell you what we can do. Put on your pastry-apron and get ready for work. It will take us all the afternoon to fry doughnuts. I shall order bread to-night from the baker, fifty of his largest loaves. We'll boil the hams while we are frying the doughnuts. Let me see. There are two loaf cakes in the house; they shall have them, and tea and coffee enough for one good jubilee, if no more."

"But how shall we get them there?"

"Why, bless me, child! haven't we two horses? and can't I drive one in the chaise, and Peter the old cart with everything in it? I guess we could stow away enough to feed a regiment, for once."

"All right, mother. But, dear me, think of the roads. Horrible!"

"Yes, and over roads as horrible think of our poor soldiers traveling, footsore, weary and hungry."

"Poor fellows! they can't ride when they want to. Well, let's go to work. It will take all the flour in the house."

"Plenty more where that came from," was the quiet reply.

Brown, crisp and tempting, the rolls, and twists, and squares, and rounds, and hearts accumulated, till every earthenware dish in the house was turned into a smoking and savory pyramid. Addy flew about, laughing, singing and crimson with exertion. Baskets and boxes were added and indefatigably filled, until, finally, Peter brought in the clean flour-barrels, and they "dumped" the doughnuts in. The two women surveyed their work. They bent over it, inhaling the fragrance and picturing to themselves the joy of the morrow.

"Mother," said Addy, the next morning, when they were ready for their drive, and the edibles were packed in the wagon, "shall you buy the carpet before you come back?"

"Don't talk to me about carpets," said the little woman, as she superintended the placing of sundry jars of butter, and pickles, and preserves. "There, now, we are ready."

Addy's heart misgave her for the moment, but she knew her mother too well to say more, and the two were soon on their journey, the wagon following.

The roads, always bad, now, owing to late heavy rains, were in their worst possible state. The horses went at times fetlock deep in slush and mire, and through gullies filled with water. Ada and her mother were well sprinkled with mud when, weary, heated and uncomfortable, they arrived at their destination.

As they came in sight of the camps Addy's heart beat quicker. Handsome, manly Sergeant Ellis was on guard. His eyes sparkled at sight of his visitors; a glowing red went flushing up his cheeks. Beyond, the tents lifted drearily; circles of yellow and weather-stained points, enlivened here and there, by blankets and bedding hung up to dry.

"You have had a heavy ride," he said, surveying the mud-plastered vehicle and their soiled dresses.

"All for your sake," replied cheerful Katie Fields, her bright black eyes shining. "I heard that your men were almost starved out."

"That's the fact," he answered; "the poor fellows have longed more than once for the fleshpots of Egypt."

"Well, if they will come this way, they can have them in the shape of two barrels of doughnuts and other fixings."

"Doughnuts!" he exclaimed; a smile of boyish delight brightening his face. "Pass in and give the countersign to the boys. Just say, 'doughnuts!'"

All over the camp went the cry, "Doughnuts! doughnuts!" The men came flocking at the old familiar sound, redolent of kitchen fires and farmer's fare.

Hardly knowing what to expect, yet scenting the feast afar off, they hurried towards the vehicle; and a set of hungrier-looking mortals it would be hard to find. Addy stationed herself on the cart, and began taking out the doughnuts by the basketful, while her mother set the little coffee furnace going. What a gleeful shout rang up at sight of the brown beauties.

"Help yourself," said Addy. "Peter, cut the cheese."

"Chaise, is it!" cried a delighted Irishman; "faith it's chaise I ain't clapped my two eyes on since I left Biddy's shanty wid a pound and a half in me pocket—good luck to it!"

"God bless the good woman," said an old man, the tears coming into his eyes, "and God bless you, young lady. I've a daughter at home that would like to fry doughnuts for her old father."

From hand to hand the basket passed as fast as it could be filled. The cheese was speedily cut. The bread, nicely prepared and sandwiched, found eager partakers; and the coffee, well sweetened and whitened with real milk, made many an eye sparkle that was dim from depression and homesickness, weary with long inaction. Many a cottage-door shone in the sunlight of memory, and the sweet faces of wife and children made themselves visible through the good intent of that homely cheer.

"We can't thank you, enough, ladies," said one and another as they crowded round the wagon. "We'll remember you for this many a long year. Our wives at home would bless you, if they knew your kindness."

Sergeant Ellis was off guard. He stood not far from the busy coffee-maker, Addy by his side.

"I heard it was so, Addy, but though it wounded me to the heart, I couldn't believe it."

"It was some fun of father's; you know how he will talk," replied the low voice. "Captain Allen is nothing to me."

"God bless you! and by His help I'd come back a captain, too."

"Oh! Thaddy, if you only come back at all."

Her eyes were full of tears. How the handsome young sergeant longed to kiss them away!

"It is too late for you to go home," he said.

"Yes; we shall stop in the village. Mother had some purchases to make. We shall stay at uncle Bob's. Can't you come up?"

"I'll try," he answered, his face shining. "We go to-morrow; so good-bye, if I can't come."

Followed by the most fervent blessings and grateful glances, Mrs. Fields and her daughter drove out of the camp.

"Shall you buy the carpet to-day or to-morrow?" queried Addy.

"How can I buy a carpet when I haven't a cent of money with me?"

"Didn't you bring it, then? I thought you had it with you."

"Daughter, could you walk on a Brussels carpet, and feel that these poor fellows were going on a long march with insufficient food and no money?"

"Why, mother, you haven't given—"

"Yes, I have given every cent of that hundred dollars to those poor fellows."

"What will father say?"

"I should be ashamed of him if he didn't say he wished it was two hundred instead of one. If he don't, then I am mistaken in his nature."

Addy was a little disappointed, but when she recalled the scene—the thankful faces, the hearty and honest blessings, the tears and the smiles—she could not find it in her heart to say one dissenting word. Besides, the image of handsome Sergeant Ellis was worth a dozen Brussels carpets.

"What a likely-looking fellow young Ellis is," said Mrs. Fields caressingly. Addy's heart went thump, thump, at this unsolicited waise, and her mother opened her black eyes rather wider than usual when the handsome sergeant called on them that evening. "She had never thought of the thing before," she said; "but it might be."

And it was. Sergeant Ellis led his men into battle after captain and lieutenants had all found a bloody pillow. He came home to gladden the old mother's heart with two bars upon his shoulders, and before he went back with his gallant boys Addy Fields was his wife before man and God. The occasion was graced not only by beautiful women and brave men, but by the handsomest Brussels carpet that could be found in Pennsylvania; and amid the delicacies of the wedding feast, a pyramid of doughnuts, deliciously brown, and made by the bride's fair hands, gave token that the wayworn and weary soldier would never be forgotten.

The Nose.

WHY should superior rank be assigned to one feature of the human face above another? And why, in particular, should the most prominent feature in fact be the one most rigidly ignored in description, whether in prose or poetry? Nothing can be more poetical than the cheek, and nothing more ridiculous than its neighbor—the nose. This absurdity of the nose is a very difficult prejudice to fathom. There is no particular ugliness inherent in the feature. It is at least as characteristic as any other part of the face; and if people die of broken hearts, which is the condition in which they are of most use to the poet, their noses become quite as emaciated as their cheeks. But there is a rooted prejudice against the nose, which nothing can overcome. No one will give it credit for a particle of sentiment. It never enters into any ideal. It has no rapturous epithets assigned to it. All the other features have their own special set of laudatory adjectives. Raven hair, rosy lips, dimpled cheeks, lustrous eyes, pearly teeth—but not a word for the poor nose. The lover raving over his mistress's beauty, the poet working out the word-picture of his hero, both pass over the nose in discreet silence. Even Milton, bold though he is in breaking through conventional restraints, describes hair, and cheek, and eyes, and brow, and even wrinkles in his pictures of Satan and of Adam, but no word of the nose. Perhaps, if it were put to them, neither lover nor poet would wish the object of their admiration to be without a nose; but they regard it as a necessary evil—a sort of poor relation to the rest of the features, about whom the less that is said the better. And the poets are perfectly right. Their readers would not appreciate a reference to the obnoxious feature. If Byron's celebrated stanza had run—

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pain grew thy nose and cold,
Colder thy kiss—

no doubt it would have been perfectly true to nature; for it may be safely laid down that, whenever the cheeks are cold the nose must of necessity be cold too. But still, every one would have felt that, with any allusion to the complexion or temperature of that proscribed excrescence, there was an end of pathos. The history of this mysterious feeling is worthy the research of archaeologists. At what period did noses become contemptible? That the feeling was not primeval any one may see who will refer to the Hebrew original of "His wrath was kindled." With the popular feeling on the subject of noses, the exact phrase sounds too profane for us to reproduce.

MAY HEAVEN HELP US!—Bragg has at last marched out of Kentucky, carrying with him plunder unparalleled in amount and value by the spoils won by any army within this century. He took out with him 4,000 loaded wagons, and droves of cattle, horses and mules, miles in length. This too, irrespective of the vast numbers which have been steadily driven Southward during the months he has been marauding in Kentucky! But most astonishing of all, notwithstanding all these encumbrances, that Buell was unable to overtake the gorged robber! He is reported now to have abandoned the pursuit and returned to Louisville—probably to give time for Bragg and Price and Smith to combine and capture Nashville, or bring an overwhelming force against Rosecrans at Corinth! The stomach of every loyal man in the country sickens at the bare mention of the name of Buell, and yet the Government, knowing his utter incapacity, if indeed it be no thing worse, still keeps him at the head of an army which despises him, and in a department which he has permitted to be overrun and devastated by an enemy his inferior in numbers!

Since the above was written the Government has shown some slight regard for public opinion and the National welfare. It has removed Buell from command, and substituted the victor of Western Virginia, of Lika and Corinth, the (as yet) invincible Rosecrans. We trust that now this ridiculous apology for a General—Buell—will be allowed to subside into the walks of private life and congenial obscurity. "Weighed in the balance and found wanting!" *Ecce Buell!* With careful study he may yet find out what the war is about.

THE MONITORS.—Donald McKay, the well-known American shipbuilder, has just returned from a visit to England and France, where he personally inspected the iron fleets now building in those countries. In a letter describing them he doubts the propriety of our constructing so many vessels of the Monitor pattern, as he evidently regards them as inferior to the large vessels building abroad for offensive purposes. We presume Mr. McKay is right in his general statement; but as we understand the matter, the Monitors are not designed as ocean-going steamers, for offensive purposes, except within a very limited range, but mainly for harbor defence.

POISONING IN ENGLAND.—Dr. Taylor, an expert, recently examined in the case of a person named Wilson, accused of poisoning, has startled the world by affirming that poisoning is much more common in England than society believes. He himself knows of eight cases attributed to cholera in which he had no doubt the cause of death was active poison.

THE REBEL RAID.—"One of the Mackerelville Brigade" published a "private and confidential letter" which he had previously addressed to Mr. Kerr, the historian of the renowned Mackerelville corps, relating chiefly to the late rebel raid into Pennsylvania, in which we take the following paragraph:

"You have, no doubt, heard that a portion of the rebel cavalry made

a raid into Pennsylvania as far as Chambersburg; but I doubt whether you have heard of the terrible fate that was in store for them, owing to the admirably conceived plans of the most prominent candidate for the next Presidency! Out of the 3,000 men composing the cavalry force who made this circuit around the rear of our noble 'Army of the Potomac,' but 2,000 escaped in safety back to Virginia! It doubtless will not be believed by the public at large, but the fact is we have only a trifle over 200,000 men in this army; and how can any reasonable person expect such a small body of troops to do anything when we have such a large and unprotected Canadian frontier? Had the Governors sent the new levies forward promptly, this raid would not have taken place; or had our Government left the proper amount of 'supplies' for the rebel army in Winchester, there would have been no occasion for this attempt to get them in Pennsylvania! There is great want of forethought and judgment somewhere, but our 'glorious little Mac' is not responsible for it. This is the third time that Gen. Lee has broken faith with our 'noble leader' in ordering raids of this kind to take place without giving him timely notice. When will the rebel leaders learn to conduct this wicked rebellion upon the well-known principles of 'strategy'?"

SHIPS FOR THE SOUTH.—The Liverpool *Telegraph* says: "Besides the commissions committed to other shipbuilders by the Confederate Government, which are being pushed forward with all possible dispatch, a large iron-plated ram is being constructed on the river Mersey, without any attempt being made at concealment. This ram will be of the most formidable character, and will attempt to run the blockade at Charleston." The same journal says that a vessel is lying at Liverpool, taking in a cargo of iron plates, destined for playing a Southern vessel, which is waiting their arrival at Charleston. We may add to this, that the Clyde steamer *Iona*, lately lost by collision in the Clyde, was heavily laden with stores for the rebels when she went down. The Davis agents in Great Britain had just purchased the vessel and cargo.

FREEMASONRY AND THE ARMY.—Mr. C. P. Garton, 208 Broadway, offers to his friends a most perfect assortment of masonic emblems and every other description of jewellery. For full particulars see his circular in another column.

DISCOURAGING ENLISTMENTS.—Several blatant simpatons have been arrested by Mr. Stanton on the plea that their remarks discouraged enlistments. We recommend the eminent firm of Brott, Davis & Schott, of New Orleans, to our sensitive Secretary of War. Such outrages as those practised by them on the sick and wounded soldiers who came to New York in their vessel, the *Cambria*, are more than sufficient to disgust any man with the service. Surely these New Orleans merchants must be bitter rebels at heart. Gen. Butler will doubtless punish them immediately the news reaches him.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.—According to official statements, the State of New York has raised, up to the 23d instant, of her quota, 83,353 men. The whole number to be raised on the 2d of July last, on the two calls for 600,000, was..... 120,000
Five per cent. added..... 6,000

Total..... 126,000
Number raised..... 83,353

Yet to be recruited or drafted..... 42,647

AMONG the political aspirants for Congressional honors we notice the name of Mr. Samuel C. Reed, who is candidate for the 9th Assembly District of the 16th Ward. We congratulate the inhabitants of that district, for Mr. Reed is eminently qualified for the position he aspires to, having travelled extensively—a great advantage to a man of his finished education, polished manners and habits of thought.

WAR NEWS.

Repulse of the Rebels before Nashville.

On Sunday, the 19th of October, the rebel Gen. Forrest, in command of a considerable force of cavalry, commenced crossing the Cumberland river. His advance, numbering about 1,000 men, encamped seven miles north of Nashville, on the turnpike leading to Gallatin, a village in Sumner county; 25 miles north-east from Nashville. Gen. Negley, upon hearing of the movement, dispatched a force under command of Col. Miller, to intercept them, and on the 20th a decisive attack was made, resulting in the rout of the traitors and their retreat in confusion across the Cumberland river. Among the regiments which were especially distinguished for bravery during the engagement, were the 78th Pennsylvania, commanded by Col. William Sirwell.

The Second Victory of Pea Ridge.

Pea Ridge, Arkansas, has been distinguished by a second victory of the National over the rebel arms, and the State of Arkansas now lies helpless at the feet of the Government. Gen. Curtis, commanding the department of the West, telegraphs to Gen. Halleck, October 25, as follows:

"Our arms are entirely successful again in North-west Arkansas. Gen. Schofield, finding that the enemy had encamped at Pea Ridge, sent Gen. Blunt with the 1st division westward, and moved towards Huntsville with the rest of his forces.

"Gen. Blunt, by making a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force at Maysville, near the north-west corner of Maysville, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 22d inst.

"The enemy were estimated at from 6,000 to 7,000 strong. The engagement lasted about an hour, and resulted in the total rout of the enemy, with the loss of all his artillery, a battery of 10 pounders; a large number of horses and a portion of their transportation and garrison equipments. Our cavalry and light howitzers were still in pursuit of their scattered forces when the messenger left. Our loss was small. "Gen. Schofield pursued Gen. Hindman beyond Huntsville, coming close upon him, when his forces precipitately fled beyond the Boston Mountain. All the organized forces of the rebels have thus been driven back to the valley of the Arkansas river, and the army of the frontier has gallantly and successfully accomplished its mission."

NEWS, SCRAPS AND ITEMS.

DURING the present year six new steamers, carrying 1,754 tons, have been built at Cincinnati, and the number of steamboats running on the Ohio river from that city is 186, of 46,435 tons. The imports of Cincinnati, for the year ending August 31, 1862, were valued at \$108,292,823; the exports for the same period were valued at \$76,449,862.

TWELVE vessels, laden with cotton from India, arrived at Liverpool on the 20th of September. Their aggregate cargoes amounted to 546,000 bales. One of the vessels carried 6,656 bales, the smallest vessel 3,490 bales.

THE *Farmers' Gazette* asserts, and proves by figures, that one pair of rats will have a progeny and descendants amounting to no less than 651,050 in three years. Now, unless this immense family can be kept down, they would then consume more food than would sustain 65,000 human beings. It will be far wiser in the farmer to turn his attention to the destruction of rats than of small birds.

THE eighth census of the United States shows that the ten chief cities of the country rank in the following order:

Cities.	Population, 1860.	Increase per cent. in ten years.
1. New York.....	805,651	57.27
2. Philadelphia.....	592,329	65.43
3. Brooklyn.....	266,661	175.37
4. Baltimore.....	212,418	28.95
5. Boston.....	177,812	29.90
6. New Orleans.....	168,075	44.94
7. Cincinnati.....	161,044	35.51
8. St. Louis.....	160,773	106.49
9. Chicago.....	109,360	264.65
10. Newark, N. J.....	71,914	84.00

THE English journals are very conversant with American affairs. One of them says that "Gen. Fremont has been appointed to the command of the first army corps under Gen. Pope;" that "the Confederates had captured Battalion Rogue, with four Federal regiments and four gunboats;" that "Gen. McCay has made a speech in Washington devoted to the abuse of the English Parliament, press and people, and laudative of France and Russia;" and "that the Anglo-Saxon has been intercepted off Cape Race."

THE Empress Eugenie having sent out rich presents to the Madagascar Princesses, those ladies received them enthusiastically, particularly some hoop skirts, which they now wear outside their royal robes. They call the skirt a cage, and mean so to imprison themselves as to admit of the bars being seen of men.

THERE were 206 gas works in the United States in 1860,

using 519,435 tons of coal, employing 5,221 men, and producing more than 4,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas, valued at \$11,224,340, including coke. The report states that the returns of the gas manufacture were not complete, and that more than 5,000,000,000 of cubic feet were made.

THE population of the Russian Empire in 1722 was 14,000,000; in 1803, 36,000,000; and at present it amounts to 65,000,000.

A NEW system for laying the dust without watering the carriage-way has been for some time in operation in the Avenue des Champs Elysees, in Paris. It consists of sprinkling the road with chloride of lime, which soon becomes damp and thereby prevents any dust from rising even in the hottest day. Besides, it is a disinfectant.

THE mint in Philadelphia coins daily about \$2,000 of nickel cents, all of which are distributed as soon as made; but still they are scarce. Where do they go?

THE origin of the term "horse-power," as applied to steam engines, is said to have arisen when they began to supersede horse mills. the manufacturer naturally inquiring how many horses they could dispense with.

NEGRO property in Missouri has depreciated, and it is said to be nearly impossible to sell a slave anywhere in the country for one-fifth the ordinary price, while every other species of property has increased in value.

PERSONAL.

THE Haytian Government has appointed Thomas Madlon, Minister to Madrid, and Elie Dubois, ex-Minister of Justice, *charge d'affaires* at Washington.

BRIG.-GEN. GEO. B. ANDERSON, one of the rebel officers who was wounded at Antietam, died at Raleigh, N. C., on the 16th inst. He was a graduate of West Point, and at the commencement of the present troubles was a 2d Lieutenant in the U. S. Cavalry.

TOM THUMB has been duly initiated a Master Mason in St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of Bridgeport, Conn. The Hall was crowded on the occasion of the ceremony.

MR. GEO. H. MOORE, librarian of the New York Historical Society, has issued the prospectus of a proposed compilation of the "Statutes at Large of New York from 1664 to 1691."

MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, of this city, has purchased, for \$5,000, Regis Glynour's "Indian Summer," and has placed it in the private gallery of his residence, corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth street, where it occupies a worthy position beside Leutze's grand historical picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware."

MR. JOHN E. GOWEN, who raised the Russian ships sunk at Sebastopol, has been decorated by the Emperor of Russia with the Cross of the Order of Saint Vladimir. Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, has decorated him with the Cross of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, and the Sultan of Turkey has conferred upon him the Imperial Decoration of the Medjidieh.

A QUANTITY of lint was exhibited recently, which was prepared from linen spun and woven by Mrs. Mary Witmer, of Manchester borough, Lancaster county, in 1812. The patriotic woman who manufactured the linen also prepared the lint, and what renders the preparation and lint still more interesting, is the fact that Mrs. Witmer is a cousin of Gen. Heintzelman.

BRIG.-GEN. EDWIN PRICE, son of Maj.-Gen. Price of the Confederate army, has resigned his commission to Jeff. Davis, and taken the oath of allegiance to the United States.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

HEARING something said t' other day about a "mosquito fleet," our youngest Jester remarked that "he supposed the grappling-irons aboard that fleet were called the galley-nippers."

"I WANT a safeguard," said a violent rebel to Gen. Negley, the other day. "Hang out the American Flag," replied the General.

A GOOD many of the telegraphic agents appear to be the most unprincipled wireworkers in the country.

BY the time the rebels get out of Kentucky, they will probably find that for every horse, mule or bull, cow, heifer, sheep or hog they have taken, they have lost a man. Whether in that case they will consider the balance of trade in their favor or against them, we can't say.

THERE is a vast deal of disease in the Southern armies. Dr. Abernethy said that "all human diseases come from two causes, stuffing and fretting." If the fact is so, the rebel troops must fret tremendously, for they certainly don't get much to stuff with.

POPULAR DANCES for 1862.—Squad-drills.

QUERY: Is not the period of a hasty skedaddle the "time that tries men's soles" more effectually than any other?

GENERALS BRAGG, BUCKNER, POLK and CHEATHAM ran away from Camp Dick Robinson to avoid exchanging it for Camp Chase.

WE apprehend that, during the coming season, a good many oak, ash, chestnut, hickory and apple trees will bear butternuts.

GEN. BISHOP POLK is a man of large bulk. But there's nothing lost in him. Every inch that isn't traitor is hypocrite.

THIS rebellion is a very foul business, but we think we shall be able to make a clean thing of it.

RECRUITING depot for the Army Chiropodists. The Corn Exchange.

ASSOCIATIONS.—John Locke tells us of a blind man who took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet. We see that kind of thing, rather. A hoop skirt, for instance, hanging out of a shop door, always reminds us of the Peel of a Belle.

THE "WHY" OF IT.—"The rebel invasion of Ohio," observed Jenks, "is probably for the purpose of obtaining its vast supplies of pork."

"If so," retorted Fitz Boozey, who chanced to be present, "this invasion explains the entire rebellion."

"How?" queried J.
"Why, sir, it is the pork-war of the whole affair!"
But Jenks could never have seen the point, if our French Contributor had not dropped in, just then, and explained that "in French, the cause or reason of anything was familiarly called the *pourquoi* of the affair."

OLD GENT (who is green about military affairs)—"And they want to raise another 100,000 men, eh? Good for the rumshops, sir, there'll be so many officers loafing around!"

GREAT demand for "Les Misérables." More men wanted for the rebel army.

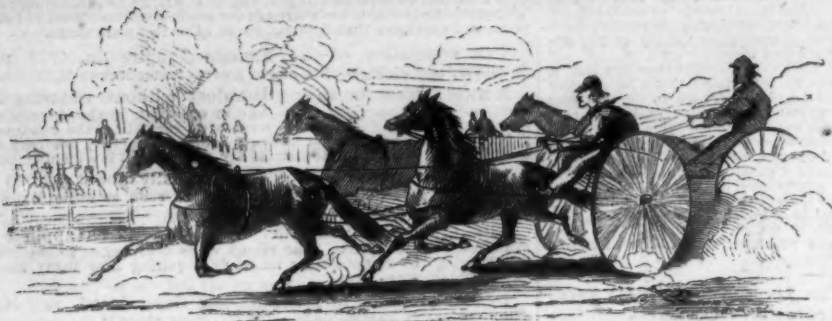
SOME genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into military service in case of war—because their charges are so great that no one could stand them.

A WAGGISH Member of Congress asked a high official, who was ridiculing the Government of South Carolina, to tell him the difference between that Government and the Government of the United States. The Congressman being requested to answer his own question, said the one was a Government of Pickens, while the other was a Government of stealings. The official disappeared.

WE find the following rather extraordinary paragraph in a London paper: "Mr. J. E. Quidor, brigade surgeon and medical director of the United States army, has invented an instantaneous bullet extractor. It consists essentially of a metallic cylinder, closed at one end, to the other end of which is attached a bell-shaped India-rubber mouthpiece, or sucker. Within this cylinder is a tube containing metallic mercury, with a valve at its lower extremity. To the upper extremity of the cylinder is attached an exhaustor or air-pump. In using the instrument the mouthpiece is applied over the orifice of the wound, the tube projecting a short distance within it, and the air exhausted. If the ball is simply imbedded in the soft structure, the expansion of the air beneath the ball, which is just in proportion to the power of exhaustion above, expels it from the wound. Should the ball be imbedded in a bone, or retained beneath the tendons, the valve is opened and a column of mercury precipitated into the wound, which, by its specific gravity, added to the atmospheric pressure above, forces the ball from its position and floats it from the wound."

A LADY, writing to her son at college, is represented as making the following statement: "Dr. Maundy is giving a series of sermons on the different kinds of wood used in building Solomon's Temple. They are very interesting, and he has such a flow of beautiful words and such wavy gestures, and he looks so gentlemanly, that I have no doubt he does a great deal of good. The church is always full."

THE HARTFORD NATIONAL HORSEFAIR.



RACE OF THE TANDEM TEAMS.



ACCIDENT TO MR. JARVIS JOSLYN.

SKETCHES OF HARTFORD

National Horsefair.

SINCE the days of Nimrod, and no doubt much earlier, horses have always been the most useful of animals. Poets, from the first dawning of verse, have praised them and apotheosised them by giving to every poet, as a necessary adjunct, his Pegasus. Where would Pindar be without his Olympian games? But we must not wander from our subject, which is that famous festival of horseflesh, the Hartford Annual National Horse Fair, which came off on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of October. The Special Artist whom we dispatched to "the scene of action" writes so pleasant and graphic an account of what he saw, that we give it as a fitting accompaniment to his capital sketches:

EDITOR FRANK LESLIE—If you want to give dry details of horses' names, age, etc., you must look to the Hartford papers, since I merely mean in the present letter to tell you what I saw, which, as I wandered everywhere, is about all that is worth recording, except to the professional dealer in horseflesh, the Tattersall men and all that.

First of all—I did not see



STARTING THE HORSES FOR A RUNNING MATCH

all sides to hear and see. The drivers and jockeys are loud in their complaints: "Gentlemen, I want you to notice his running; I have nothing more to say—all I want is justice," shouts one. "He struck my horse right in the eye to break him up," says the other. "I protest against the sorrel horse," comes up the third. But the judges seem to be used to this kind of work; the decision is soon given, the time marked with chalk on a slate hanging on the stand, and "Clear the track for Class No. 31!" sets the marshals and policemen to work, who soon restore the former order.

Tandem Teams.

Amongst the most interesting and novel exhibitions was the race of the tandem teams: two entries were made, and the race was very close. The horses in tandem teams are hitched one in front of the other, and require a great deal of skill in handling. They make a very fine appearance when at full speed, the front horse trotting perfectly free. Both teams were splendidly managed, and fully merited the applause with which they were greeted.

Accidents.

On the 2d day, during the first heat of a race, a sad accident happened to Mr. Jarvis Joslyn, one of the competitors; in turning the second turn of the track, the wheel of his sulky struck the pole and overturned the wagon. Unfortunately his foot caught in the irons near the seat, and



RUNNING MATCH OF THE MARSHALS—THE START



RUNNING MATCH OF THE MARSHALS—THE ARRIVAL.

A horsefair, if a horsefair means a place where a large selection of horseflesh is exhibited for inspection and sale, but I did witness a series of jolly races between stallions, gentlemen's trotting horses of the 230,

235, 240 and 250 description, double teams, tandems, running horses, family horses, and the fastest trotting horses of every description. We had a "real good time" of it, and people seemed to appreciate it, for they crowded the fair grounds daily and forgot their sorrows. Betting seemed to be lively, for I frequently heard those mysterious exclamations of 10 to 5 on the gray, or 2 against 1 on the sorrel, and also saw a gentleman who was mounted on high shouting lustily, "Poole, how much for Lancelot? What will you give for Prince?" But, of course, I am innocent.

The races were agreeably intermingled with the exhibition of a few celebrated stallions and their families, of which the Toronto Chief of —, with two colts, attracted particular attention. Toronto Chief is a large, powerful black stallion, with magnificent limbs and action, and although he was not matched for racing, the manner in which he marched around the ring showed plainly that he must rank among the fastest horses of the country. Ashland and his colts elicited also a great amount of admiration, and indeed, as far as looks are concerned, these colts had the advantage over all others. But I proceed to an explanation of my sketches:

The Decision.

After every heat the competitors assemble before the judges' stand to hear the decision of the race and the time made, watchful attendants are there to blanket the horses and sponge their mouths, and the crowd rushes in from



WAITING FOR THE NEXT RACE.



DURING THE RACE.

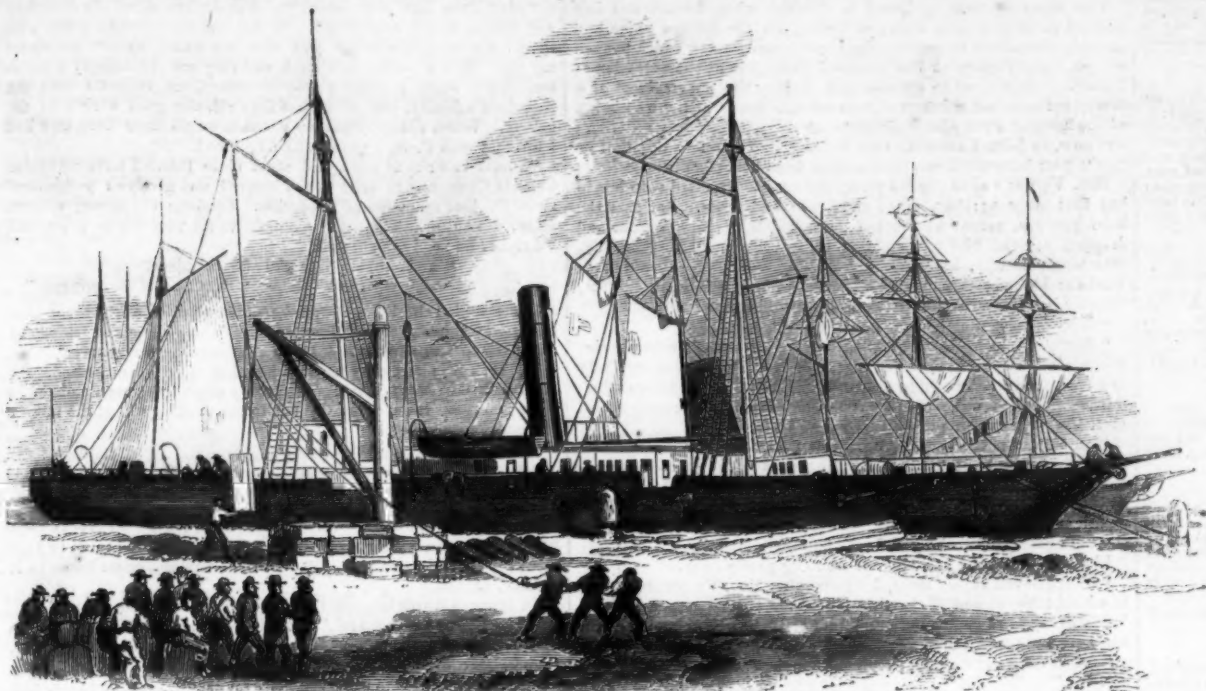


GROOMING THE HORSE AFTER THE RACE.



GOING HOME

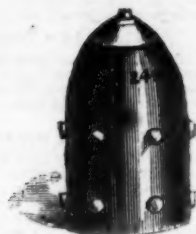
THE CAPTURED ANGLO-REBEL STEAMER COLUMBIA UNLOADING HER CARGO, &c.



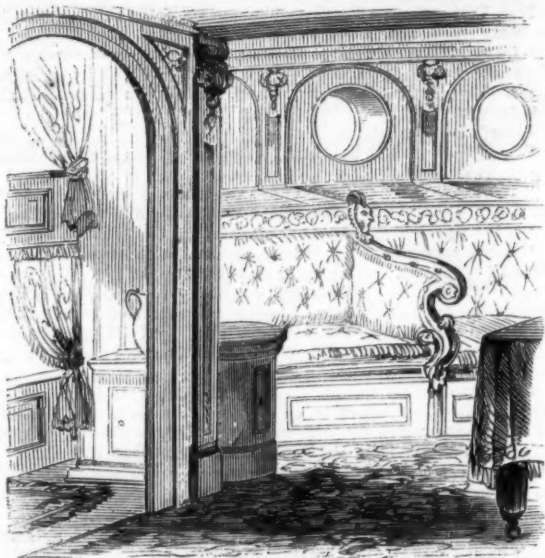
UNLOADING THE CARGO OF THE COLUMBIA IN BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.



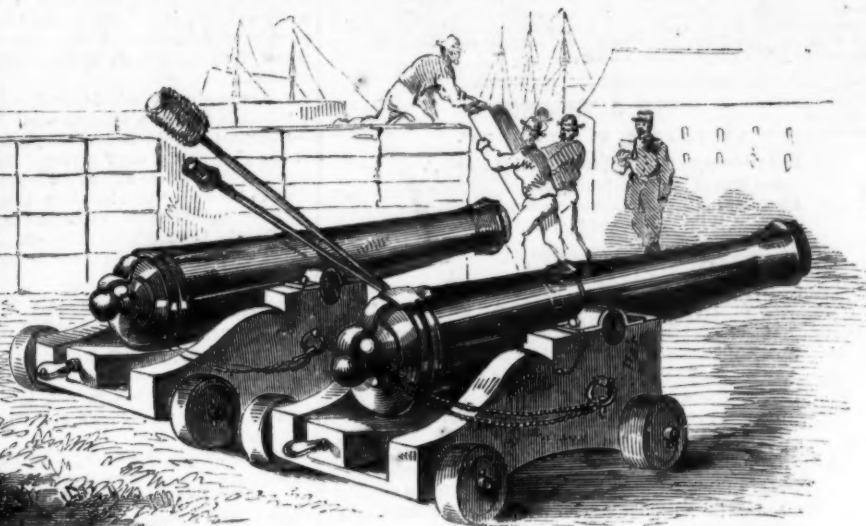
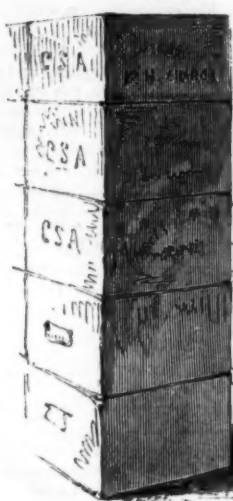
SECTION OF ONE THE SHOT.



SHOT FOR THE CANNON.



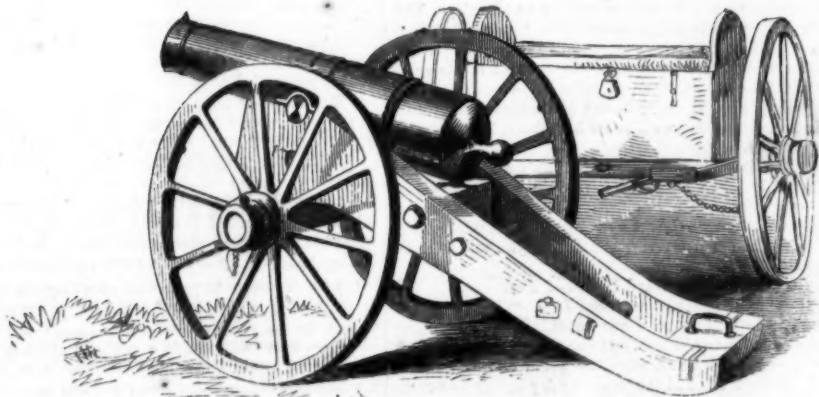
CABIN ON BOARD COLUMBIA.



NAVAL GUNS, AMMUNITION &c. FOUND ON BOARD.



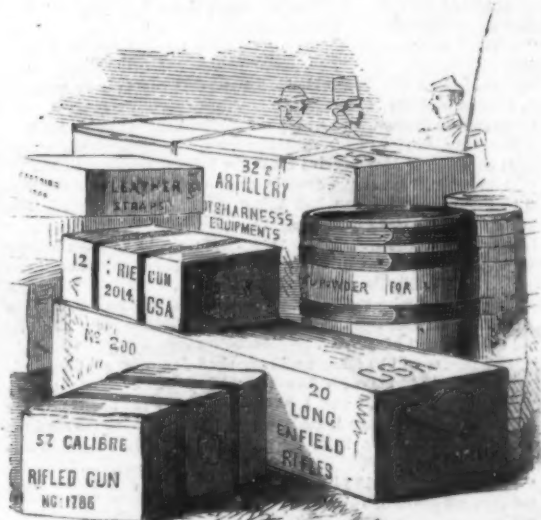
ARTILLERY ACCOUTREMENTS.



BRASS 12-POUND MOUNTAIN HOWITZER.



BRASS RIFLED GUNS COMPOSING THE FIELDPIECE BATTERY, 24-POUNDERS. FOUND ON BOARD THE COLUMBIA.



CASES CONTAINING REMFIELD RIFLES, CARTRIDGES, &c.

the frightened horse dragged him for an eighth of a mile before those rushing to his assistance were able to stop him. Mr. Joslyn was severely though not dangerously hurt; the back of his head dragging on the ground after he lost his consciousness, was deprived of hair and skin; he regained strength rapidly, and in fifteen minutes was able to sit up in a carriage and ride home. After this *contretemps* the exercises proceeded.

Starting the Horses for a Running Match.

In a running match the horses are ridden by boys, barebacked, or on little saddles; the groomers or proprietors hold and start the horses; it is a very lively scene. The little fellows are excellent riders and stick to their horses like monkeys, and their shrill shouts ring clearly over the hum of the crowd. Mr. Carpenter, a well-known horseman and original character, had the winning horse; he personally added very much to the general entertainment by his dry jokes and cool remarks; his horses seem to appreciate him fully, and as he stands at the near turn of the track with his long whip, his horses always increase their efforts wonderfully when they pass the spot.

The Race of the Marshals.

A shout of approbation was raised when President Vall announced, towards the end of the proceedings, that an extempore purse of \$10 had been subscribed to be competed for by the Assistant Marshals. Amidst the hurrahs and shouts of the audience they started, on the well-known principle, "The d— I take the hindmost," and arrived, after the short time of 1-2-3, in a long line, the foremost without hat, his feet out of his stirrups, holding on like grim death, and going it like John Gilpin.

Views in a Carriage.

Not the least of my amusement consisted in watching the outside show. A long and interesting description might be given of the contents of carriages, buggies, express-wagons and horsebacks, but my two little sketches must suffice and speak for themselves. They were made on the spot.

Grooming the Horses.

After every heat there is a busy time amongst the hostlers and attendants. Three or four of them at once attack each horse with blankets, sponges, towels and scrapers. The horse is not allowed to eat or drink, but his mouth is thoroughly sponged with water; he is wrapped in thick woollen blankets; the foam and sweat is scraped down with an elastic strip of steel, and his legs are well rubbed with coarse towels and with the hand. After this he is walked about and the same operation performed a second time, until the bell rings, and in 15 minutes he is ready for the next heat.

Going Home.

The Fair Grounds are about two miles outside the town of Hartford, and every conceivable vehicle was put into requisition so as to convey the admiring crowd. As the great race between fastest trotting horses ("Prince," winner) was one of the last performances, the grounds were crowded to the last moment. Omnibuses and express wagons were loaded outside and in with men and women, gentlemen and ladies. I chose my seat in a furniture car, which had two seats lengthwise, because it brought me in such close vicinity with my fair neighbor with the white feathers in her hat, who sat opposite to me. Knees to knees we sat and jolted home. Wasn't it nice?

APPLE GATHERING.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

I LEAN from the door in the south wind blowing,
And look all the orchard through;
I look for the boys, for the boys are going
To gather the apples, and I go too.

The sunniest day for days together,
Such summer on tree and clover,
That standing, as I do, you couldn't tell whether
'Twas apples or blossoms all over.

Pink, white and gold, don't they look as if slipping
All through the summer from chalices sweet,
They grew into Spitzenburg, russet and pipin,
As cheeks bloom to blushes from happy heartbeat?

"Boys, are you there?" "Hi! hi!" is the answer,
Sung through their hands as from distance immense.
Then I whistle to Prince, "Catch me, Prince, if you can, sir,"
And we just rush like mad for the gate and the fence.

October, 1862.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXI.—NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.

LIONEL VERNER could scarcely believe in his own identity. The train, which was to have contained him was whirling towards London, he, a poor aspirant for future fortune, ought to have been in it; but here was he, while the steam of that train yet snorted in his ears, walking out of the station a wealthy man, come into a proud inheritance, the inheritance of his fathers. In the first moment of tumultuous thought, Lionel almost felt as if some fairy must have been at work with a magic wand.

It was all true. He linked his arm within Jan's and listened to the recital in detail. Jan had found Mrs. Verner, on his arrival at Verner's Pride, weeping over letters from Australia, one from a Captain Cannonby, one from Sibylla. They contained the tidings that Frederick Massingbird had died of fever, and that Sibylla was anxious to come home again.

"Who is Captain Cannonby?" asked Lionel of Jan.
"Have you forgotten the name?" returned Jan. "That friend of Fred Massingbird's, who sold out, and was knocking about London; Fred went up once or twice to see him. He went out to the diggings last autumn, and it seems Fred and Sibylla lighted on him at Melbourne. He had laid poor Fred in the grave the day before he wrote, he says."

"I can scarcely believe it all now, Jan," said Lionel. "What a change!"

"Ay. You won't believe it for a day or two. I say, Lionel, uncle Stephen need not have left Verner's Pride to the Massingbirds: they have not lived to enjoy it. Neither need there have been all that bother about the codicil. I know what."

"What?" asked Lionel, looking at him, for Jan spoke significantly.

"That Madam Sibylla would give her two ears now to have married you, instead of Fred Massingbird."

Lionel's face flushed, and he replied coldly, hauteur in his tone, "Nonsense, Jan! you are speaking most unwarrantably. When Sibylla chose Fred Massingbird I was the heir of Verner's Pride."

"I know," said Jan. "Verner's Pride would be a great temptation to Sibylla; and I can but think she knew that it was left to Fred when she married him."

Lionel did not condescend to retort. He would as soon believe himself capable of bowing down before the god of gold, in a mean spirit, as believe Sibylla capable of it. Indeed, though he was wont to charm himself with the flattering notion that his love for Sibylla had died out, or near upon it, he was very far off the point when he could think any ill of Sibylla.

"My patients will be foaming," remarked Jan, who continued his way to Verner's Pride with Lionel. "They will conclude I have gone off with Dr. West; and I have his list on my hands now, as well as my own. I say, Lionel, when I told you the letters from Australia were in, how little we guessed they would contain this news."

"Little, indeed!" said Lionel.

"I suppose you won't go to London now?"

"I suppose not," was the reply of Lionel.

And a rush of gladness illumined his heart as he spoke it. No

more toil over those dry old law books! The study had never been to his taste.

The servants were gathered in the hall when Lionel and Jan entered it. Decorously sorry, of course, for the tidings which had arrived, but unable to conceal the inward satisfaction which peeped out—not satisfaction at the death of Fred, but at the accession of Lionel. It is curious to observe how jealous the old retainers of a family are upon all points which touch the honor or the well-being of the house. Fred Massingbird was an alien, Lionel was a Verner; and now, as Lionel entered, they formed into a double line that he might pass between them, their master from henceforth.

Mrs. Verner was in the old place, the study. Jan had seen her in bed that morning; but, since then, she had risen. Early as the hour yet was, recent as the sad news had been, Mrs. Verner had dropped asleep. She sat nodding in her chair, snoring heavily, breathing painfully, her neck and face all one color—carmine red. That she looked—as Jan had observed—a very apoplectic subject, struck Lionel most particularly on this morning.

"Why don't you bleed her, Jan?" he whispered.

"She won't be bled," responded Jan. "She won't take physic; she won't do anything that she ought to do. You may as well talk to a post. She'll do nothing but eat and drink, and fall asleep afterwards; and then wake up to eat and drink, and fall asleep again. Mrs. Verner," exclaiming his voice, "here's Lionel."

Mrs. Verner partially woke up. Her eyes opened sufficiently to observe Jan; and her mind apparently grew awake to a confused remembrance of facts.

"He's gone to London," said she to Jan. "You won't catch him," and then she nodded again.

"I did catch him," shouted Jan. "Lionel's here."

Lionel sat down by her, and she woke up pretty fully.

"I am grieved at this news, for your sake, Mrs. Verner," he said, in a kind tone, as he took her hand. "I am sorry for Frederick."

"Both my boys gone before me, Lionel!" she cried, melting into tears. "John first; Fred next. Why did they go out there to die?"

"It is indeed sad for you," replied Lionel. "Jan says Fred died of fever."

"He has died of fever. Don't you remember, when Sibylla wrote, she said he was ill with fever? He never got well. I take it that it must have been a sort of intermittent fever—pretty well one day, down ill the next—for he had started for the place where John died; I forget its name, but you'll find it written there. Only a few hours after quitting Melbourne, he grew worse and died."

"Was he alone?" asked Lionel.

"Captain Cannonby was with him. They were going together up to—I forget, I say, the name of the place—where John died, you know. It was nine or ten days' distance from Melbourne, and they had travelled but a day of it. And I suppose," added Mrs. Verner, with tears in her eyes, "that he'd be put into the ground like a dog!"

Lionel, on this score, could give no consolation. He knew not whether the fact might be so or not. Jan hoisted himself on to the top of a high bureau, and sat in comfort.

"He'd be buried like a dog," repeated Mrs. Verner. "What do they know about parsons and consecrated ground out there? Cannonby buried him, he says, and then he went back to Melbourne, to carry the tidings to Sibylla."

"Sibylla? Was Sibylla not with him when he died?" exclaimed Lionel.

"It seems not. It's sure not, in fact, by the letters. You can read them, Lionel. There's one from her and one from Captain Cannonby."

"It's not likely they'd drag Sibylla up to the diggings," interposed Jan.

"And yet—almost as unlikely that her husband would leave her alone in such a place as Melbourne appears to be," dissented Lionel.

"She was not left alone," said Mrs. Verner. "If you'd read the letters, Lionel, you would see. She stayed in Melbourne with a family; friends, I think, she says of Captain Cannonby's. She has written for money to be sent out to her by the first ship, that she may pay her passage home again."

This item of intelligence astonished Lionel more than any other.

"Written for money to be sent out for her passage home!" he reiterated. "Has she no money?"

Mrs. Verner looked at him.

"They accuse me of forgetting things in my sleep, Lionel; but I think you must be getting worse than I am. Poor Fred told us in his last letter that he had been robbed of his desk, and that it had got his money in it."

"But I did not suppose it contained all—that they were reduced so low as for his wife to have no money left for a passage. What will she do there until some can be got out?"

"If she is with comfortable folks they'd not turn her out," cried Jan.

Lionel took up the letters, and ran his eyes over them. They told him little else of the facts, though more of the details. It appeared to have taken place pretty much as Mrs. Verner said. The closing part of Sibylla's letter ran as follows:

"After we wrote to you, Fred met Captain Cannonby. You must remember, dear aunt, how often Fred would speak of him. Captain Cannonby has relatives out here, people in very good position—if people can be said to be in a position at all in such a horrid place. We knew Captain Cannonby had come over, but thought he was at the Bendigo diggings. However, Fred met him; and he was very civil and obliging. He got us apartments in the best hotel—one of the very places that had refused us, saying they were crowded. Fred seemed to grow a trifle better, and it was decided that they should go to the place where John died, and try and get particulars about his money, etc., which in Melbourne we could hear nothing of. Indeed, nobody seemed to know even John's name. Captain Cannonby (who has really made money here in some way, trading, he says, and expects to make a good deal more), agreed to go with Fred. Then Fred told me of the loss of his desk and money, his bills of credit, and that, whatever the term may be. It was stolen from the quay the day we arrived, and he had never been able to hear of it; but while there seemed a chance of finding it he would not let me know the ill news. Of course, with this loss upon us, there was all the more necessity for our getting John's money as speedily as might be. Captain Cannonby introduced me to his relatives, the Eyres, told them my husband wanted to go up the country for a short while, and they invited me to stay with them. And here I am, and very kind they are to me in this dreadful trouble."

"Aunt Verner, I thought I should have died when, a day or two after they started, I saw Captain Cannonby come back alone, with a long sorrowful face. I seemed to know in a moment what had happened; I had thought at the time they started that Fred was too ill to go. I said to him, 'My husband is dead!' and he confessed that it was so. He had been taken ill at the end of the first day, and did not live many hours."

"I can't tell you any more, dear aunt Verner. I am too sick and ill. And if I filled ten sheets with the particulars it would not alter the dreadful facts. I want to come home to you; I know you will receive me, and let me live with you always. I have not any money. Please send me out sufficient to bring me home by the first ship that sails. I don't care for any of the things we brought out; they may stop here or be lost in the sea, for all the difference it will make to me; I only want to come home. Captain Cannonby says he will

take upon himself now to look after John's money, and transmit it to us, if he can get it."

"Mrs. Eyre has just come in. She desires me to say that they are taking every care of me, and are all happy to have me with them: she says I am to tell you that her own daughters are about my age. It is all true, dear aunt, and they are exceedingly kind to me. They seem to have plenty of money, are intimate with the Governor's family, and with what they call the good society of the colony. When I think what my position would have been now had I not met with them, I grow quite frightened."

"I have to write to papa, and must close this. I have requested Captain Cannonby to write to you himself, and give you particulars about the last moments of Frederick. Send me the money without delay, dear aunt. The place is hateful to me now he is gone, and I'd rather be dead than stop in it."

"Your affectionate and afflicted niece,

"SIBYLLA MASSINGBIRD."

Lionel folded the letter musingly. "It would almost appear that they had not heard of your son's accession to Verner's Pride," he remarked to Mrs. Verner. "It is not alluded to in any way."

"I think it is sure they had not heard of it," she answered. "I remarked so to Mary Tynn. The letters must have been delayed in their passage. Lionel, you will see to the sending out of the money for me."

"Immediately," replied Lionel.

"And when do you come home?"

"Do you mean—do you mean when do I come here?" returned Lionel.

"To be sure I mean it. It is your home. Verner's Pride is your home, Lionel, now; not mine. It has been yours this three or four months past, only we did not know it. You must come home to it at once, Lionel."

"I suppose it will be right that I should do so," he answered.

"And I shall be thankful," said Mrs. Verner. "There will be a master once more, and no need to bother me. I have been bothered, Lionel. Mr. Jan—turning to the bureau—"It's that which has made me feel ill. One comes to me with some worry or other, and another comes to me; they will come to me. The complaints and tales of that Roy fidget my life out."

"I shall discharge Roy at once, Mrs. Verner."

Mrs. Verner made a deprecatory movement of the hands, as much as to say that it was no business of hers.

"Lionel, I have only one request to make of you: never speak of the estate to me again, or of anything connected with its management. You are its sole master, and can do as you please. Shall you turn me out?"

Lionel's face flushed.

"No, Mrs. Verner," he almost passionately answered. "You could not think so."

"You have the right. Had Fred come home he would have had the right. But I'd hardly reconcile myself to any other house now."

"It is a right which I should never exercise," said Lionel.

"I shall mostly keep my room," resumed Mrs. Verner. "Perhaps wholly keep it; and Mary Tynn will wait upon me. The servants will be yours, Lionel. In fact, they are yours, not mine. What a blessing! to know that I may be at peace from henceforth—that the care will be upon another's shoulders! My poor Fred! My dear sons! I little thought I was taking leave of them both for the last time."

Jan jumped off his bureau. Now that the brunt of the surprise was over, and plans began to be discussed, Jan bethought himself of his impatient sick list, who were doubtless wondering at the non-appearance of their doctor. Lionel rose to depart with him.

"But you should not go," said Mrs. Verner. "In five minutes I vacate this study, resign it to you. This change will give you plenty to do, Lionel."

"I know it will, dear Mrs. Verner. I shall be back soon, but I must go and acquaint my mother."

"You will promise not to go away again, Lionel. It is your lawful home, remember."

"I shall not go away again," was Lionel's answer. And Mrs. Verner breathed freely. To be emancipated from what she had regarded as the great worry of life was felt to be a relief. Now she could eat and sleep all day, and never need be asked a single question, or hear whether the outside world had stopped, or was going on still.

"You will just pen a few words for me to Sibylla, Lionel," she called out. "I am past much writing now."

"If it be necessary that I should," he coldly replied.

"And send them with the remittance," concluded Mrs. Verner.

"You will know how much to send. Tell Sibylla that Verner's Pride is no longer mine, and I cannot invite her to it. It would hardly be the thing for a young girl, and she's little better, to be living here with you all day long, and I always shut up in my room. Would it, Lionel?"

Lionel somewhat haughtily shrugged his shoulders. "Scarcely," he answered.

"She must go to her sisters, of course. Poor girl! what a thing it seems to have to return to her old house again!"

Jan put in his head. "I thought you said you were coming Lionel?"

"So I am, this instant." And they departed together, encountering Mr. Bitterworth in the road.

He grasped hold of Lionel in much excitement.

"Is it true—what people are saying—that you have come into Verner's Pride?"

"Quite true," replied Lionel. And he gave Mr. Bitterworth a summary of the facts.

"Now look there!" cried Mr. Bitterworth, who was evidently deeply impressed; "it's of no use to try to go against honest right: sooner or later it will triumph. In your case it has come wonderfully soon. I told my old friend that the Massingbirds had no claim to Verner's Pride; that if they were exalted to it, over your head, it would not prosper them. Not, poor fellows, that I thought of their death. May you remain in undisturbed possession of it, Lionel! May your children succeed to it after you!"

Lionel and Jan continued their road. But they soon parted company, for Jan turned off to his patients. Lionel made the best of his way to Deerham Court. In the room he entered, steadily practising, was Lucy Tempest, alone. She turned her head to see who it was; and at the sight of Lionel started up in alarm.

"What is it? Why are you back?" she exclaimed. "Has the train broken down?"

Lionel smiled at her vehemence, at her crimsoned countenance, at her unbounded astonishment altogether.

"The train has not broken down, I trust, Lucy. I did not go with it. Do you know where my mother is?"

"She is gone out with Decima."

He felt a temporary disappointment: the news, he was aware, would be so deeply welcome to Lady Verner. Lucy stood regarding him, waiting the solution of the mystery.

"What should you say, Lucy, if I tell you Deerham is not going to get rid of me at all?"

"I do not understand you," replied Lucy, coloring with surprise and emotion. "Do you mean that you are going to remain here?"

"Not here—in this house. That would be a pity for you."

Lucy looked as if it would be anything but

"You are as bad as our French mistress at the rectory," she said. "She would never tell us anything: she used to make us guess."

Her words were interrupted by the breaking out of the church bells; a loud peal, telling of joy. A misgiving crossed Lionel that the news had got wind, and that some officious person had been setting on the bells to ring for him, because of his succession. The exceeding bad taste of the proceeding—should it prove so—called a flush of anger to his brow. His inheritance had cost Mrs. Verner her son.

The suspicion was confirmed. One of the servants, who had been to the village, came running in at this juncture with open mouth, calling out that Mr. Lionel had come into his own, and that the bells were ringing for it. Lucy Tempest heard the words, and turned to Lionel.

"It is so, Lucy," he said, answering the look. "Verner's Pride is at last mine. But—"

She grew strangely excited. Lionel could see her heart beat—could see the tears of emotion gather in her eyes.

"I am so glad!" she said, in a low, heartfelt tone. "I thought it would be so, some time. Have you found the codicil?"

"Hush, Lucy! Before you express your gladness, you must learn that sad circumstances are mixed with it. The codicil has not been found, but Frederick Massingbird has died."

Lucy shook her head. "He had no right to Verner's Pride, and I did not like him. I am sorry, though, for himself, that he is dead. And—Lionel—you will never go away now?"

"I suppose not, to live."

"I am so glad! I may tell you that I am glad, may I not?"

She half timidly held out her hand as she spoke. Lionel took it between both of his, toying with it as tenderly as he had ever toyed with Sibylla's. And his low voice took a tone which was certainly not that of hatred, as he bent towards her.

"I am glad also, Lucy. The least pleasant part of my recent projected departure was the constantly remembered fact that I was about to put a distance of many miles between myself and you. It grew all too palpable towards the last."

Lucy laughed and drew away her hand, her radiant countenance falling before the gaze of Lionel.

"So you will be troubled with me yet, you see, Miss Lucy," he added, in a lighter tone, as he left her and strode off with a step that might have matched Jan's, on his way to ask the bells whether they were not ashamed of themselves.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND & Co., 547 Broadway, have issued the following new music:

1. Harry's Music Book, Bagatelle; composed for the pianoforte, by GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN.
2. There's Beauty in the Summer Flower, Quartette. Poetry by Miss S. HOWE; Music by S. LAWRENCE.
3. Comrades, Touch the Elbow; Song of the 9th Co., 7th Regiment, N.Y.S.M., as sung by the members of the Company. Arranged by J. R. TAYLOR.
4. The Battle Prayer; Music by HIMMEL, transcribed for the pianoforte, by JULIUS E. MULLER.

BOOK NOTICES.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SETTLE IT. *Suggestions on the Present Crisis.* By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

THE somewhat eccentric author of this little brochure starts with the advantage of being purely American, thoroughly unprejudiced, and above the fear or favor of party, or what is often just as bad or worse, a disordered "public opinion." With a moral and intellectual manhood somewhat emancipated by education and associations, his instincts are often right and his perceptions generally clear. He proposes to take advantage of the present lull in the war to acknowledge the independence of the ten so-called "Confederate States," on condition of their surrendering those portions of Virginia which we do not hold, all claim to the remaining five Border States, and giving us guarantee of the free navigation of the Mississippi river and the Mexican Gulf. He proposes this without doubting our ability to conquer the South. In the limited space to which "luxuriant columns" circumscribe us, we cannot follow out the arguments by which Mr. Bristed supports his propositions, nor can we refer our readers to his production with any accuracy, as it has no avowed publisher. We need not say, that while we appreciate what we do agree with Mr. Bristed's reasoning, let any man look at the map and trace the geographical outline of the country under his settlement, and ask himself if ever a country could exist with such a contour. Division once commenced must go on, *ad infinitum*, until every section becomes reduced to an impotent fragment, which might not blush to fraternize with a German principality, or a Central American State, and which would certainly be forced to purchase a nominal independence by subservience to English pretensions, French arrogance, or the impertinence of a despicable power like Spain. Better the continent be left a desert, whitened with unburied bones.

LONDON ART-JOURNAL.

This superb work, for October, has been published by Virtue & Co., 26 John street. The two steel engravings are, "The Prosperous Days of Job," from a picture by W. C. T. Dobson, and "Spithead," from a picture by Turner, both fine works of art. The wood engravings are fine subjects and well executed. If American artists desire to see the perfection to which the art of wood engraving and printing has attained in England, they should purchase the numbers of this work and inspect the engravings of articles in the International Exhibition, of which there are many.

WEEKLY GOSSIP—MUSIC, DRAMA, ETC.

WE are, after all, to have an operatic season, commencing on the 10th of November, under the management of Mr. Grau. Our suggestions last week were prophetic, for not only have the artists abated their terms, in consideration of the times, but even the Directors of the Academy of Music, for the same reason, have consented to a reduction of their usual charges. The company will be very strong, comprising, besides others, Madame Whiting Lorian, Madame Borchard, Madame Guarrabella, Mdles. Cordier, Patti, Miss Kellogg, Brignoli, Susini, Amod o, etc. Every circumstance is favorable to the enterprise, and we look with much confidence for a successful season. The artists are such as should inspire the public with a desire to support the establishment, and we trust that the musical community will afford it a cordial and liberal patronage.

Gottschalk's concerts have been the rage for the past two weeks, the superbly decorated Irving Hall having been crowded to overflowing every night the fascinating pianist has appeared. It is the fashion among some of our straight-laced musical classicists to pooh-pooh Gottschalk. They are of that class who always condemn a performer for what he does not play, forgetting, at the same time, to award him credit for what he does play. They are of that class of discontents who would growl at the moon because it does not shine all the month. The headquarters of these growlers is Boston, a city which artists most delight to—leave. Not on account of its people, but because they allow a little clique of snarling critics to hoodwink their judgment to the repression of every generous and genial impulse. If New York the people judge for themselves, and our critics have larger and more catholic views of art and artists, and therefore Gottschalk makes his mark as the interpreter of a school which he has himself originated. His performance, like his works, has all the charm of originality, and thousands listen to him with delight which grows by what it feeds upon. When we have Gottschalk's works played by himself, we have no desire that he should play anything else. There is a time for all things, and there are men for the occasion. Gottschalk's concerts are for Gottschalk's compositions, and Gottschalk is the man for those occasions. Crowds throng to hear him; every piece he plays is encored; the audience leaves desiring to hear him again, and carry out their desire by going to his concerts yet once more. It is no ordinary genius which could create so earnest an enthusiasm in the public mind. Mr. William Castles, a new tenor, made a decided impression at the Gottschalk concert. He has a voice of rare excellence, and capable of efforts far beyond what his education at present permits. He is a diamond in the rough, but of a value which would amply repay any one to cut and polish. We will not criticize his Italian singing, nor will we allude to his method, for the reason that he has none; but we must say that his unaffected style of singing simple ballads, combined with the inexpressible charm of a beautiful voice, aroused the enthusiasm of the audience, and won for him those tem-

pestuous encores which are sure indications of popular delight. Gottschalk's duets with Harry Sanderson were, as before, marked and brilliant successes of the evening.

Has anybody heard of Teresa Carreno? Not then everybody is behind the age, and we will enlighten the general ignorance. Teresa Carreno is a little bit of a dark-eyed beautiful smiling South American child, only eight years old, half-a-dozen hands high, loud of doll-eyes and miscellaneous romping, but with a musical genius which is at once a point of wonder and admiration. She is a pianist with little fingers but large brains, too short, when seated, to reach the pedals with her feet, but tall enough, intellectually, to reach the sentiment and soul of music. Infant prodigies are rare—Heaven be praised!—although every infant is a prodigy to its mother, and even the few which are acknowledged simply evince an aptitude for imitation, which is a facility rather than a talent, and promises but very little for the future. But the dark-eyed little darling, Teresa Carreno, from Caracas, is no imitator, a perfect, but a thinking feeling artist, who while she elicits astonishment by her executive power, raises astonishment to a higher pitch by the maturity of her style, by a pervading judgment, by her appreciation of light and shade, proportion and the nicer shades of relative musical values, and, lastly, by a sentiment and expression which has come to her, Heaven only knows how. She is so mere a child, so necessarily ignorant of all that constitutes an artist, that we listen in wonder, and even while we gaze upon the beautiful childish face, we doubt the evidence of our senses. She is a genius of the purest stamp, a pearl of price, to be treasured and fostered to a development of the god-like powers with which Nature has so richly endowed her. This is Teresa Carreno, the child pianist.

Mr. Harry Sanderson will give a grand concert, at Irving Hall, early in November, with a host of musical celebrities. His concert at Yonkers, where he was assisted by Mrs. Henry C. Watson, was a brilliant success in every way.

It is a curious thing to see a great artist like Edwin Forrest unbend himself to the level of such a dramatic part as the hero in Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons." Scarcely so curious as it was to see Macready in the part of the daring French Boy, but nevertheless curious enough. It is not that he does not act it well, but it has the air of a pair of pantaloons which are too small for the wearer. The man may move as truly and as naturally in them, yet we feel that they do not fit him. We fear to see them and upon the limbs for which they are too small, and recognize in ourselves a clear sense of personal discomfort as we regard him. So it is with such an artist as Forrest in such a part as Claude Melnotte. He is too large for his pantaloons. All he does is admirably done; yet the small nature of the part does not fit him. We feel an indefinite dread lest the stitches of the author should give way and the grand and iron mould of the artist make itself visible through the rents. In a word we recognize the Titanic size of his other and grander impersonations compressed by the French-cut pants and sartorial vest and coat of the English writer. We know him, as we might recognize the trained athlete pinched into fashionable clothing, and might regret that we had seen him, but for the comforting assurance given us that perfection is a positive impossibility, whether it be in the creations of the painter, the poet or the actor.

The new comedy at Wallack's has made a hit, palpable and positive, and will keep the stage, alternated with popular, sterling plays, for several weeks to come. The success of "Bosom Friends" is genuine, and is due to its own merits, independent of its excellent rendition and its beautiful and appropriate costumes, scenery and appointments. It is too late now to detail the plot; suffice it to say that it is well constructed, involving in its working out much both of fun and sentiment. It is a truthful picture of a chapter in life's history with which all of us are more or less acquainted. The characters were all well sustained, all coming to life, yet we feel that the everyday individuals they were personating. Mr. Lester was the only one who to our thinking misconceived his part. He threw into the character of the easy-going Mr. Union too large a dash of melodramatic intensity. With this exception there was no change that could be desired.

The success of "No Rest for the Wicked," the new comedy at Laura Keane's Theatre, is by no means owing to its intrinsic excellence, but to the admirable acting of the artists in the cast, and to the beautiful elegance of the getting up of the piece. The plot is cumbersome, and the dialogue is neither sparkling nor witty, but the situations are telling and piquant, and are turned by the actors to the best possible account. Blake keeps the house in a roar of laughter, Peter is inimitable in his way. Watson very good, Robertson admirable. Mrs. Robertson something to talk about, and Miss Laura Keane, as she is in everything she undertakes, unapproachable in her way. Let the faults of the piece be what they may, its popularity with the crowded audiences which are nightly present is incontestable. Every point is keenly relished, and shouts of laughter, which constantly arise, are the best evidences of how the people are amused. The piece is vastly improved since the first night, the language is more terse and piquant, and the acting is closer and more telling. It will undoubtedly have a long run. We are pleased to be able to announce that the popular director of the music, Mr. Thomas Baker, is fast recovering from a dangerous illness, and that he will soon be able to resume his seat in the orchestra, which few can fill as ably as he does.

Mr. Edwin Booth repeated his famous character of Richelieu at Winter Garden last week to large and appreciative audiences. This week he assumes the part of Romeo, Mr. and Mrs. Conway appearing as Mercutio and Juliet. The part of Romeo is eminently suited to the talented young tragedian, and will gain for him fresh renown. The public will doubtless share our curiosity to witness his delineation of the character.

The new sensation drama of "Pauvrete; or, Under the Snow," has made a remarkable hit at Barnum's Museum, and seems to be increasing in public favor. Every afternoon and evening the elegant Lecture-room is thronged by visitors, anxious to see the excellent acting and the magnificent scenery and mechanism of that remarkable play. We have rarely seen at the Museum anything more magnificently put upon the stage than is this same "Pauvrete." In scenery, dresses and mechanical contrivances Barnum has rarely equalled it. The rush to see it is so great that it will probably run every evening for some weeks to come. All who visit the establishment should carefully examine the wonderful Tropical Fish which Barnum has specially imported at a vast expense. They are curiously beautiful, and are well worth particular examination. It would take a column to tell of half the remarkable things to be seen at the Museum.

It is rumored that the young and beautiful Miss Nina Foster will shortly give a series of Readings in this city. During the past summer she met with great success at the fashionable watering-places. She is full of talent, and a rich and fresh voice, in addition to a most interesting personal appearance. We hope to hear her soon.

ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE color of water has been frequently discussed by physicists. Arago said: "The reflected color of water is blue and the transmitted color is green;" and explained, "the green color of the water is due to the prisms of water, of which one of the faces reflect white light, which is refracted by the following water, and thus goes forth green." Bunsen asserts that water chemically pure is not colorless, but is of a pure blue color. M. Wettstein, after minute chemical researches, states that the green color is due to the presence of organic matters. M. Beetz has recently investigated the subject, and records his interesting observations in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Geneve*, the results of which are opposed to the conclusion of Arago, and favor the opinion of Wettstein that the color is due to minute particles of matter suspended in the water, modified by the color of the sky and surrounding objects.

PROF. D'ARREST, of the Royal Danish Observatory, announces that a nebula, discovered by M. Tuttle, at Cambridge, U.S., in February, 1859, is variable in magnitude. When last observed with the telescope, it was barely visible. He states this nebula to be the third in which such singular fluctuations have been detected. The two others were observed by MM. Kim and Tempel, some years since.

The lively interest excited by the question of fossil human remains, and the contemporaneity of man with animal species now extinct, appears to animate geologists to active researches, so that we may expect before long to hear of some positive conclusions in regard to a question so important. The famous Engis skull, as is well known, was discovered by Schmerling in a cave in the province of Liège. M. Malaise, a Belgian paleontologist, exploring in the same province, has recently discovered certain fragments in a cave at Engihoul, which are valuable as evidence. The cave contains a bed of porous and pebbly silt, varying in thickness from two to three feet, under which lies a layer of stalagmite less than two inches thick, and it was while examining the soil beneath the stalagmite that the fragments in question were found. They consist of portions of two lower jawbones and three pieces of skull. In each jawbone the last three molars remain, all but two of which are much worn and one is decayed. The pieces of skull are identified as fragments of the occipital and parietal bones; one of the latter is remarkably thick. Pains were taken at the time of the discovery to observe that in their color, degree of decomposition and position, the human bones were in no way to be distinguished from the other animal remains which were confusedly accumulated under the stalagmite. These facts will, no doubt, be treated of by Sir Charles Lyell in his forthcoming work on the Antiquity of Man, for it appears it was by his investigation that M. Malaise made the exploration in question. There are numerous scattered facts which will augment the weight of evidence, among which are the fossil bones showing traces of wounds inflicted by some cutting instrument, described by M. Lartet.

In one of the papers there is an account of the marriage, by the Rev. John Gaites, of Mr. John Post to Miss Sophia Rails. If this match don't make a fence of the first quality we should like to know what will.

A STORY OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

THERE is a pleasant story told of the Empress Eugenie in her girlhood, when she was a Montijo. The scene was in Pampeluna in Spain, near which place the Montijos possess a little feudal castle, much beloved of the younger portion of the family, and to this day often regretted by the Empress Eugenie.

One evening a grand ball and reception took place at the Tacuena, in honor of the visit of a certain Austrian Archduke out upon his travels. The governor professed, at that time, a most ardent admiration for the gay and youthful Eugenie, who had scarcely arrived beyond the period of childhood, and, indeed, in any other country than Spain would have been still confined to the nursery. The excess of delight experienced by the little senora at being thus the bright particular star of the ball can be readily imagined. The sober old governor, a brave and tried old soldier, had nothing to refuse to the fair creature, the contemplation of whose very youth and merriment made him young and merry likewise, and the beautiful Eugenie danced to her heart's content till any other but herself would have been exhausted. But so long as one single partner remained, it was not likely that this most indefatigable votary of the cotillion and cotillon would yield to the fatigue which others felt, or to the desire which others might express of withdrawing from the ballroom. At length she was led out by the greater celebrity present at the fête—the general appointed by the Queen in attendance on the Archduke. He was a regular and true type of the old Spanish grandee—bristly, though bald; withered, though purty—hurried and short in speech, though formal and ceremonious in manner. The merry little maiden soon, however, managed to draw him into an animated conversation, principally about the environs and neighborhood of Pampeluna, and described the old castle of the Montijos in such seductive colors that the staid old martinet was imprudent enough to express a wish to see it.

"Nothing is more easy, if you are brave," Here the maiden's eyes flashed merrily, while the general smiled with contempt. "It is a league or two from the city, but by a steep mountain path, you can arrive by a short cut. No one, however, dares to venture up the path, which runs along the bed of an ancient torrent. You can only go on horseback," added she, pinching her lips, "for no carriage could ever accomplish that perilous ascent."

The old general, who had been completely fascinated by the sweet little maiden, protested, of course, against all idea of fear, although warned that the road was anything but safe, as many travellers had of late been robbed, and left to perform the rest of the journey almost naked. "It was too near Pampeluna for murder, thank Heaven! but as for highway robbery, that was an everyday occurrence." The general laughed again; he did not believe in robbers—the moonlight would serve him. The Archduke would not require his service till next day—he would go immediately on leaving the ball; the night was beautiful and warm—he would return and take a refreshing sleep at the governor's palace, and be ready to proceed with the Archduke by noon. To this proposition the merry deceiver agreed, with laughing approval, and soon after left the ball, bidding a cheerful good night to the general, and wishing him a pleasant ride up the rock. He was true to his word, and started on his good steed, accompanied only by his groom, to climb the steep rock on the top of which was to be found the castle. About midway he was attacked by a band of some dozen or more of real and genuine highway robbers belonging to the province—in that there was no mistake, for the shrill voices and incessant chatter bespoke their real and true Navarrese. The general, who was armed with his pistols, heeded not the summons to surrender, but boldly fired amongst the troop. Both pistols hung fire, a thing which had never happened before; and the poor traveller, soon surrounded by numbers, and beholding his faithful groom dismounted and sitting disconsolate by the roadside, as though badly wounded, was compelled to suffer himself to be searched by the robbers and to give up his purse, and to hand over the diamond ring he wore to the little Navarrese peasant who seemed to be the chief of the band, and whose astonishing quickness and vivacity of movement he could not fail to notice. The robbers were, however, somewhat discomfited; they suffered him to depart, themselves disappearing behind the rock as mysteriously as they had appeared. The groom was found to be only frightened, not hurt, and the pistols to have been loaded with damp powder; so that the adventure, after all, was not so bad but that it might have been worse. There was but little in the purse, and the ring was not of more value to him than it would have sold for; so that by the time he got back to the palace he felt more inclined to laugh than to lament.

Before he retired to his room he told the governor of his adventure, and had obtained the assurance that a mounted force would be despatched at dawn in search of the malefactors. But no sooner had he retired to his own chamber than the adventure assumed another aspect. On his table he found the purse and ring, with a little line, written in pencil, reproaching him for his want of faith in the existence of robbers in old Spain, and calling upon him to vindicate the race henceforth as being possessed of courtesy and grace and ever ready to bear witness to the chivalry and honor of General—. The paper was signed by the whole band of young ladies who had been most conspicuous at the ball, and who had finished the evening's pleasure with this frolic.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A DOCTOR is attached to one or two of the first class hotels of Paris. Last week one was called up to attend a patient at No. 23, but went in his sleepiness to 130. The occupant was a German who had arrived via Brussels. He could not speak French, and the doctor could not understand what all the man said; so he proceeded at once to practical inspection, rapping at his chest and sounding the depths of his disease in various ways, pulse included. He finished by discovering something, and left the German horrified at the proceedings but with a mysterious premonition in his hands. At break of day the German in a rage (curiously he forced his bill. To the astonished request for a reason for his sudden departure, he replied he could not stop in a city where they were so severe with foreigners—believing, it seemed, that a strict sanitary inspection or quarantine was necessary for all strangers who arrived in Paris, the same as arrivals by sea from distant and suspected foreign ports.

WHEN Sir John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) brought in a bill for restraining the clergy of the press, an Irish Member moved the insertion of a clause providing that all anonymous works should have the names of the authors printed on the title-pages!

THE Millennium has been put off indefinitely because the Lion, hearing that the smallpox is raging among the sheep, positively objects to lying down with the Lamb.

A GENTLEMAN from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down East this summer, in the enjoyment of some innocent social play. He carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed, "Begone, sir, don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for his seeming rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not mean to insult her. "No?" she replied, archly; "well, if you didn't, you may do it again!"

WHY is a divorce case like a railway accident?—Because it very often snaps the coupling-chains and separates the sleepers.

SOME nine years since a letter was received in New Orleans, directed "To the biggest fool in New Orleans." The Postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks informed him of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the Postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, and so I opened the letter myself." "And what did you find in it?" inquired the Postmaster. "Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man!'"

A FRENCH physician has discovered that white sugar is a remedy for drunkenness. Gin and sugar will now become more popular than ever, since the liquor carries with it its own antidote!

A CELEBRATED wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the great regard we have for each other."

A STORY is told of a tavern keeper by the name of A. S. Camp. The painter, in painting his sign, left out the points, so it read—*"Tavern kept by A S Camp."*

In an advertisement by a railroad company of some un-called-for goods, the letter I had dropped from the word lawful, and it read—*"People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."*

ONE OF THE EXEMPTS.—Surgeon—What's the matter with you?

Would-be-Exempt—Weak back, sir—very weak back.

S.—Weak knees, you mean.

W.—Yes, sir, weak knees—very weak knees, can't march.

S.—Yes, I'll give you a certificate—(writes:)

"Upon honor I hereby certify that the bearer, —, is weak in the knees, a great coward who shrinks from defending his country. Hope he will be put in the front ranks where he can't run away."

W.—(Handing the surgeon a quarter)—Thank you, sir. I knew I was entitled to a certificate. This rebellion so wicked and monstrous, must be put down. It has done my heart good to see the energy of the President in ordering a draft.

(Here reads the certificate and faints.)

WHAT do you eat every day that nobody else eats?—Your dinner.

COL. G. W. PRATT.

COL. GEO. W. PRATT, the only son of the Hon. Zadock Pratt, was born at Prattsville, N. Y., April 18, 1830. After receiving a most careful and liberal education, he travelled in Europe and the East, where he completed his studies. On his return in 1851, he engaged in commercial pursuits, and became a partner in the great leather firm of Corse, Pratt & Co.

He was elected to the Senate of the State of New York in 1857, and served during 1858-59, being regarded as an eminently conservative man, and the determined foe of all extravagant and corrupt legislation. He took a leading part in the discussions relating to the canals and railroads of the State, and devoted himself with great industry and earnestness to a revision of the School system and the Militia system of the State. Eminent as a scholar, the improvement of our system of public instruction found in him an enthusiastic advocate.

At the commencement of the rebellion he tendered to the Government the regiment he commanded, the Ulster or 20th Regt. New York Militia, and immediately proceeded to Washington. At the close of its three months term of service, Col. Pratt and his gallant regiment enlisted for the entire war.

Col. Pratt having studied military science with great assiduity and success, was a most valuable and accomplished officer, and his fidelity to the interest and comfort of his regiment was warmly commended by his superior in command, and deeply appreciated by his men. He rarely left his camp, and although stationed for a long time near Washington, he never was seen at the Capital, unless called there by duty. He was in the campaign on the Rappahannock, in King's division, and with his regiment endured its harassing and toilsome service. At the battle of the 30th of August, at Groveton, near Manassas, although worn with watching, fatigue and hunger, he led his men into the desperate conflict with the coolness and valor of a veteran.

Early in the action his horse was shot under him, and he was wounded in the knee by the bursting of a shell; still he continued on foot to lead his brave men, and cheer them on. While leading them on to storm the rifle pits, sword in one hand and hat in the other, cheering on his men, he was struck by a ball in his right shoulder, under the collar bone, working upwards over the shoulder and down through the spinal marrow, paralyzing his lower limbs. So desperate was the fight that the colors of the regiment were borne by six different soldiers, and when brought off the field the colors were torn and riddled with bullets.

The fall of Col. Pratt afforded his men a touching opportunity of showing their affection, for they carried the paralyzed body of their beloved commander for three miles on a litter, and then conveyed him in an ambulance to Washington, a distance of 30 miles. From there he was brought by easy stages to Philadelphia, New York and Albany by water, to the house of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Benj. Tibbitts, in Albany. During the journey not a murmur or repining word escaped his lips. Surrounded by his sorrowing family he lingered till the 11th of September, when, without a seeming pain or struggle, his pure and noble spirit departed for "the bosom of his Father and his God."

He was buried on the 14th Sept. with funeral solemnities, eminently characteristic of the public esteem in which he was held. The remains were buried from St. Peter's Church, Albany, the services being performed by Bishop Horatio Potter. The body was carried in solemn pomp to the Cemetery, attended by the Governor of the State and his Suite, the Corporations of the City of Albany, Senators, the Military, Masonic Fraternity, and other Societies. The whole was a fitting tribute of respect to the memory



COL. GEORGE W. PRATT, OF THE ULSTER COUNTY N. Y. 20TH REGIMENT, KILLED AUGUST 30. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

of a young and gallant officer, and a citizen of remarkable intellectual and moral worth.

In addition to his parents and a sister, he has left a wife and two children to mourn their irreparable loss. Thus has gloriously perished in the morning of his life one of our first scholars and most accomplished linguists. At the voice of duty he left a home at once splendid and refined, a magnificent library—advantages doubly precious from his cultivated taste and his religious and studious habits.

To sum up his character. He was a gentleman and a Christian. He had served as State Senator with ability and integrity. He was a merchant of enterprise, probity and wealth. His understanding was cultivated—his manner engaging and refined. He had a knowledge of many languages, and was a member of the leading Scientific Societies in this country and in Europe, having received the degree of LL.D. from a German University. His library was particularly rich in Eastern literature—indeed, was one of the best in the country.

COL. GEO. W. DEITZLER,

1st Regiment Kansas Volunteers.

This gallant officer, who distinguished himself in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where the heroic Lyon fell, was born in Pennsylvania, and settled in Kansas in 1855, when and where, it may be said, the present "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery really commenced to decide the struggle with the sword. He took an active part in the organization of the Free State Party, and paid the usual penalty for patriotism then, by being arrested for treason, a compliment his friend, Gov. C. Robinson, shared with him. For three months of the summer of 1856, Col. Deitzler was closely guarded by the U. S. troops. In 1857 he was elected to the Legislature, and chosen Speaker of the House, a position which he filled with great honor and ability. When the present rebellion broke out, he threw his sword into the scale of Constitutional freedom, and was very energetic in raising a regiment. In June, he was appointed by his old friend, Gov. Robinson, to the command of the 1st Kansas Regiment. At the battle of Wilson's Creek he led his men with distinguished gallantry, and was severely wounded. In the words of his friend Adjutant-General Lyman Allen, "Kansas is proud of her gallant Deitzler and 1st Regiment."

JOHN W. PACKHAM,

Fifer and Regimental Marker to the 34th Regt. Ohio Zouaves.

As we make no difference between the Commander-in-Chief and the drummer-boy, but are ever ready to celebrate valor, we have great pleasure in publishing the portrait of a noble little hero. The following letter relates the event:

POINT PLEASANT, VA.,
October 10th, 1862.

SIR—As you are one of the very few editors who take notice of bravery in privates in our army during this dreadful war, I send you the likeness of the "Little Hero of Co. F, 34th regiment, Ohio Zouaves," aged 13 years. It was taken three months previous to the following incident—while he was on furlough, he being regularly enlisted in the beginning of the war.

At the late battle of Fayetteville, Va., John W. Packham, fifer and regimental marker, son of Lieut. A. Packham, of the 34th regiment, Ohio Zouaves, was with the ambulances, and about 1,000 yards in advance of the regiment; they were halted by 2,000 rebels, across a dry creek bottom, about 50 yards from the road; some 50 advanced from the cover of the woods, and called out (Johnny being the only one in the train who was in uniform). "You—little redtop devil, come over here, or I'll kill you." He answered, "No; I can't do that." Again they called; again he answered "No." Another rebel now advanced a few paces, and said, "You—little fool, we won't hurt you, if you come over; we only want to talk to you." The little hero answered, "I know what you want—I can't come." The rebel took aim and fired, wounding the little fellow in the centre of the right knee. He fell, and lay between the contending parties during three hours' hard fighting, for that one shot brought on the engagement in the rear. He was finally brought off the field by E. Roberts, private, Co. F, amid a shower of bullets, without further harm to his person, but having six large bullet holes through the back of his jacket.

Upon being asked why he did not go over to the rebels and save himself, the little hero said, "Because they wanted me to tell them how many soldiers we had got!" Yours obediently,

JUSTICE.

P. S.—We had only the 34th and 37th regiments, Ohio, and six small pieces artillery, manned and served by the same, against the rebel Gen. Loring's 8,000.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

In the absence of those exciting battle scenes which for above a year has rendered our daily reading more like the recital of Homer's Iliad, we give in our present number some sketches equally interesting, if less painfully exciting, since they depict places already famous in our history, and which will, in all probability, again soon be the scene of the most momentous events.

Charlestown.

This little town, for ever famous for the execution of that indomitable enthusiast, John Brown, has seen many a startling change since the 2d of December, 1859, when, standing serene amid a vindictive assemblage of slaveowners, he died an ignominious death for what he erroneously believed to be the truth. Little did the Wisers, the Tagliaferos, the Ashbys, the degenerate Washingtons, the Lees, with their serfs, "the poor whites," as they insultingly term their fellow-citizens—little did this exultant and triumphant crowd believe that a fire had been kindled that day which the blood of thousands has not yet quenched. Unhappy fanatic! but still more unhappy Virginians! within two years their proud State has been desolated as never a civilized land has been before—let us hope that the lesson will not be lost, and that out of the chastisement will come amendment and peace.

Charlestown, so graphically given by our Artist, is eight miles from Harper's Ferry, connected by a railroad, which extends to Winchester. It is the capital of Jefferson county, and forming a part of the Shenandoah Valley, is surrounded by a beautiful and fertile region. It was formerly the residence of Col. Charles Washington, brother to Gen. Washington, and to him the ground belonged on which the town was built. It contains four churches, one academy, one bank, and about a dozen stores. Its population is about 1,800. It has also a museum, one of whose ornaments was the skeleton of John Brown's eldest son, killed on the memorable invasion of Harper's Ferry, when one cow and 17 men—chiefly contraband—shook the chivalry of the Old Dominion.

Signal Station, Loudon Heights.

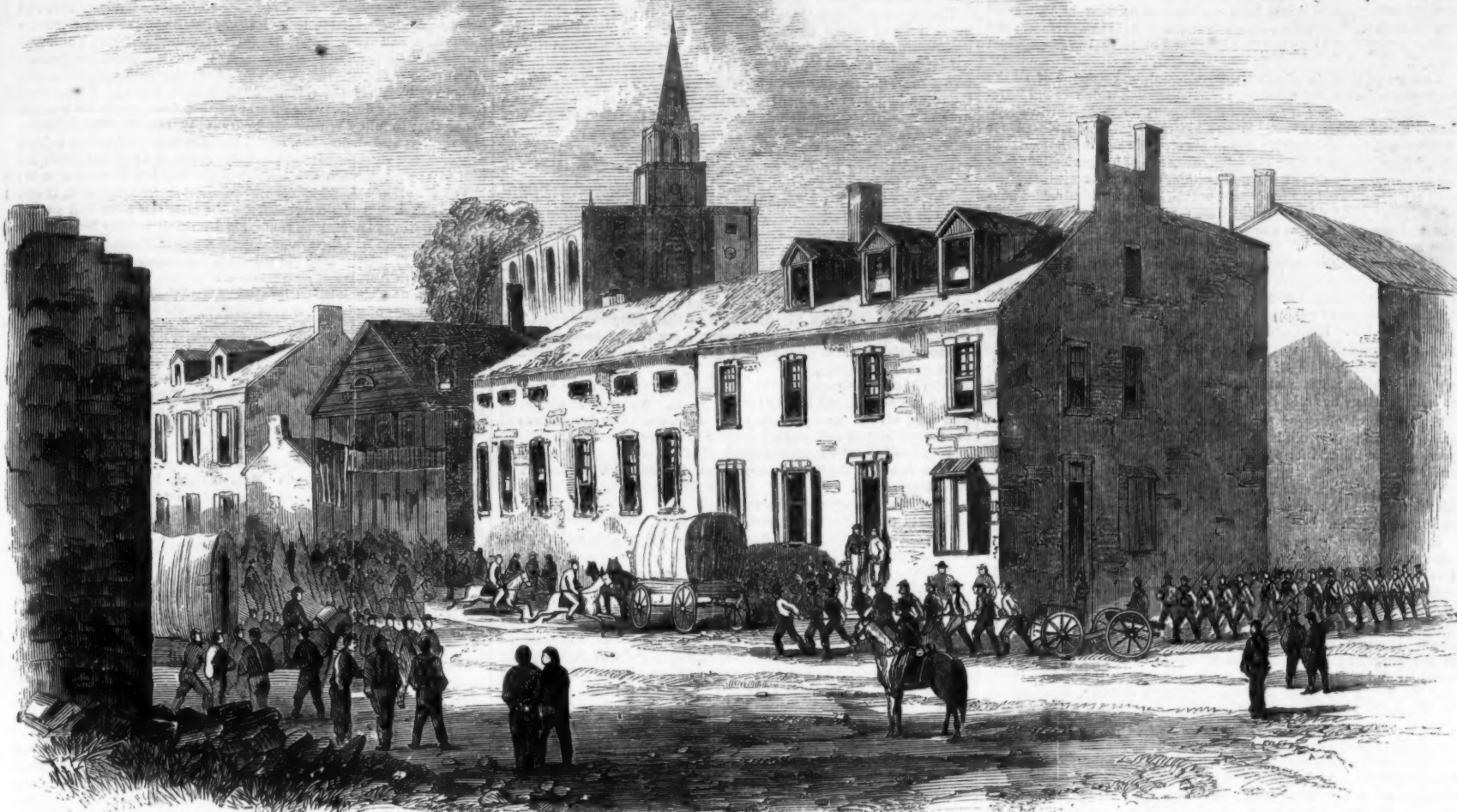
Loudon Heights, although commanded by Maryland Heights on the Maryland side of the Potomac, is yet a very important position, and as such has been fortified by our Government. From its



COL. GEORGE W. DEITZLER, 1ST KANSAS VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



J. W. PACKHAM, FIFER AND REGIMENTAL MARKER OF 34TH OHIO ZOUAVES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BALL & THOMAS, CINCINNATI.



THE MAIN STREET, HARPER'S FERRY, VA.—ZOUAVES ON MULES—CONTRABANDS HAULING GUNS—OFFICERS LOUNGING, &c., OCTOBER 16.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES

summit a wide view can be had of the Virginian scenery. On them is situated the signal station communicating with the Federal signal station on Maryland Heights.

Camp on London Heights.

Mr. Schell's sketch speaks for itself. It gives our readers an idea of the great discomforts our brave soldiers will have to endure should the army go into winter quarters.

Main Street, Harper's Ferry.

In sending this sketch, Mr. Forbes says: "I send you a view of the main street in Harper's Ferry. I wish I could give a better idea of it. Jews, Gentiles, pigs, negroes, mules, wagons, and all the hangers-on of a large army, are grouped here in picturesque confusion. Zouaves with old mules and horses dashing recklessly about, happy in not having to 'frog it,' as they term 'hopping in the mud'; fine-looking officers, carelessly dressed; unmilitary country gawks jostle one at every turn; soldiers of different styles, some neat and self-reliant looking, others, dirty, careless fellows—un-American and unmanly—lounge about the doorways; and against the posts of the different rumshops in the place. A gang of negroes pulling a brass fieldpiece, lazily tugging at the rope, and threading their way among the many army wagons, were cheered at

their work by the peculiar and not very musical cry of the tired mules, who kicked and bawled, and squealed to their hearts' content, making a very pandemonium. The inhabitants look like their town—worn, broken down—a terrible contrast to what they once were."

LIEUT. RAYMOND CAPTURING A REBEL FLAG.

THE little sketch on this page ought to have been published long ago, but we have had so many sketches of immediate interest that it has been postponed from day to day. It represents Lieut. Raymond rushing on board the rebel steamer Fanny and carrying off, through flame and smoke, the rebel flag, which was still flying on board that vessel. Although this heroic act was performed so far back as the 11th of February, in the battle before Elizabeth City, we make room for it now, as a deed of patriotic valor, like a thing of beauty, is a joy for ever.

THE SPLENDOR OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE.—A correspondent in Siam thus describes a gorgeous Buddhist temple in Ayuthia, the old and now ruined capital:

"The temple itself was very grand, of immense size and height, marble pillars supporting the roof, the walls literally covered to the height of about 20 feet with small gilded niches containing figures of Buddha. There must have been thousands of these little idols, and the value may be judged on reflecting that all these images, from the largest, measuring sometimes 120 feet in length, to the very smallest, are made of clay encased in copper, and that again covered with a layer of pure gold." Of another he says: "Inside and outside, the building itself you would say was made of gold and precious stones; but the articles of ornament which you find inside, there is no mistake about.

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER XXIX.—JOHN MELLISH FINDS HIS HOME DESOLATE.

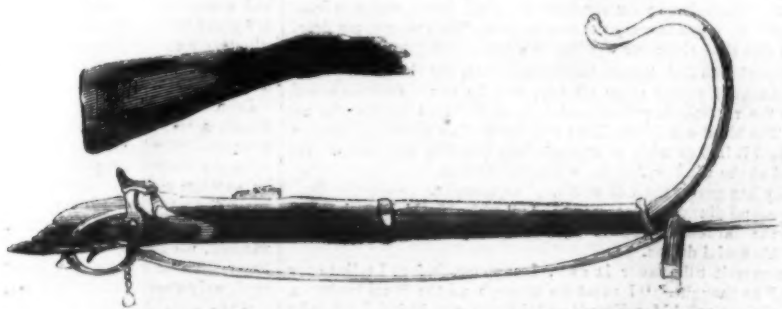
THE sun was low in the western sky, and distant village-clocks had struck seven, when John Mellish walked slowly away from that lonely waste of stunted grass called Harper's Common, and strolled homewards in the peaceful evening.

The Yorkshire squire was still very pale. He walked with his head bent forward upon his breast, and the hand that grasped the crumpled paper thrust into the bosom of his waistcoat; but a hopeful light shone in his eyes, and the rigid lines of his mouth had relaxed into a tender smile—a smile of love and forgiveness. Yes, he had prayed for her and forgiven her, and he was at peace. He had pleaded her cause a hundred times in the dull quiet of that summer's afternoon, and had excused her and forgiven her. Not lightly, Heaven is a witness; not without a sharp and cruel struggle, that had rent his heart with tortures undreamed of before.

This revelation of the past was such bitter shame to him; such horrible degradation; such irrevocable infamy. His love, his idol, his empress, his goddess—it was of her he thought. By what hellish witchcraft had she been ensnared into the degrading alliance, recorded in this miserable scrap of paper? The pride of five unsullied centuries arose, fierce and ungovernable, in the breast of the country gentleman, to resent this outrage upon the woman he loved. O God, had all his glorification of her been the vain boasting of a fool



LIEUT. J. H. RAYMOND CAPTURING THE REBEL FLAG FROM THE BURNING REBEL STEAMER FANNY, AT THE ACTION OFF ELIZABETH CITY, FEBRUARY 11.



REMARKABLE EFFECT OF A SHELL ON A MUSKET—BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

There is a massive silver mat or nearly half an inch thick entirely covering the floor, with vases of solid gold, chandeliers, images of Buddha, all made of pure solid gold; the curtain surrounding the shrine is cloth of gold, the wall themselves, plated with gold thick as ships' yellow metal, form a splendid contrast to the flimsy gimcrack decoration of the smaller temples which line the banks of the river."

LITTLE SALLIE was teaching her younger brother the Lord's Prayer. They went on very smoothly until they arrived at "Give us this day our daily bread." "No, no, Sissy—we want cake!" and he refused to proceed until the desired amendment was made.

who had not known what he talked about? He was answerable to the world for the past as well as for the present. He had made an altar for his idol, and had cried aloud to all who came near her to kneel down and perform their worship at her shrine; and he was answerable to these people for the purity of their divinity. He could not think of her as less than the idol which his love had made her—perfect, unsullied, unassailable. Disgrace where she was concerned knew in his mind no degrees.

It was not his own humiliation he thought of when his face grew hoarse as he imagined the talk there would be in the county if this fatal indiscretion of Aurora's youth ever became generally known; it was the thought of her shame that stung him to the heart. He never

once disturbed himself with any prevision of the ridicule which was likely to fall upon him.

It was here that John Mellish and Talbot Bulstrode were so widely different in their manner of loving and suffering. Talbot had sought a wife who should reflect honor upon himself, and had fallen away from Aurora at the first trial of his faith, shaken with horrible apprehensions of his own danger. But John Mellish had submerged his very identity into that of the woman he loved. She was his faith and his worship, and it was for her glory that he wept in this cruel day of shame. The wrong which he found so hard to forgive was not her wrong against him; but that other and more fatal wrong against herself.

I have said that his affection was universal, and partook of all the highest attributes of that sublime self-abnegation which we call Love. The agony which he felt to-day was the agony which Archibald Floyd had suffered years before. It was vicarious torture, endured for Aurora and not for himself; and in his struggle against that sorrowful anger which he felt for her folly, every one of her perfections took up arms upon the side of his indignation, and fought against their own mistress. Had she been less beautiful, less queenly, less generous, great and noble, he might have forgiven her that self-inflicted shame more easily. But she was so perfect; and how could she, how could she?

He unfolded the wretched paper half-a-dozen times, and read and re-read every word of that commonplace legal document, before he could convince himself that it was not some vile forgery concocted by James Conyers for purposes of extortion. But he prayed for her and forgave her. He pitied her with more than a mother's tender pity, with more than a sorrowful father's anguish.

"My poor dear!" he said, "my poor dear! she was only a school-girl when this certificate was first written; an innocent child, ready to believe in any lies told her by a villain."

A dark frown obscured the Yorkshireman's brow as he thought this; a frown that would have promised no good to Mr. James Conyers, had not the trainer passed out of the reach of all earthly good and evil.

"Will God have mercy upon a wretch like that?" thought John Mellish; "will that man be forgiven for having brought disgrace and misery upon a trusting girl?"

It will perhaps be wondered at that John Mellish, who suffered his servants to rule in his household and allowed his butler to dictate to him what wines he should drink, who talked freely to his grooms and bade his trainer sit in his presence—it will be wondered at, perhaps, that this frank, free-spoken, simple-mannered young man should have felt so bitterly the shame of Aurora's unequal marriage. It was a common saying in Doncaster, that Squire Mellish of the Park had no pride; that he would clap poor folks on the shoulder and give them good-day as he lounged in the quiet street; that he would sit upon the cornchandler's counter, slashing his hunting-whip upon those popular tops—about which a legend was current, to the effect that they were always cleaned with champagne—and discussing the prospects of the September Meeting; and that there was not within the three Ridings a better landlord or a nobler-hearted gentleman. All this was perfectly true. John Mellish was entirely without personal pride; but there was another pride, which was wholly inseparable from his education and position, and this was the pride of caste. He was strictly conservative; and although he was ready to talk to his good friend the saddler, or his trusted retainer the groom, as freely as he would have held converse with his equals, he would have opposed all the strength of his authority against the saddler had that honest tradesman attempted to stand for his native town, and would have annihilated the groom with one angry flash of his bright blue eyes had the servant infringed by so much as an inch upon the broad extent of territory that separated him from his master.

The struggle was finished before John Mellish arose from the brown turf and turned towards the home which he had left early that morning, ignorant of the great trouble that was to fall upon him, and only dimly conscious of some dark foreboding of the coming of an unknown horror. The struggle was over, and there was now only hope in his heart—the hope of clasping his wife to his breast and comforting her for all the past. However bitterly he might feel the humiliation of this madness of her ignorant girlhood, it was not for him to remind her of it; his duty was to confront the world's slander or the world's ridicule, and oppose his own breast to the storm, while she was shielded by the great shelter of his love. His heart yearned for some peaceful foreign land, in which his idol would be far away from all who could tell her secret, and where she might reign once more glorious and unapproachable. He was ready to impose any cheat upon the world, in his greediness of praise and worship for her—for her. How tenderly he thought of her, walking slowly homewards in that tranquil evening! He thought of her waiting to hear from him the issue of the inquest, and he reproached himself for the neglect when he remembered how long he had been absent.

"But my darling will scarcely be uneasy," he thought; "she will hear all about the inquest from some one or other, and she will think that I have gone into Doncaster on business. She will know nothing of the finding of this detestable certificate. No one need know of it. Lofthouse and Hayward are honorable men, and they will keep my poor girl's secret; they will keep the secret of her foolish youth, my poor, poor girl!"

He longed for that moment which he fancied so near, the moment in which he should fold her in his arms and say,

"My dearest one, be at peace; there is no longer any secret between us. Henceforth your sorrows are my sorrows, and it is hard if I cannot help you to carry the load lightly. We are one, my dear. For the first time since our wedding-day we are truly united."

He expected to find Aurora in his own room, for she had declared her intention of sitting there all day, and he ran across the broad lawn to the rose-shadowed verandah that sheltered his favorite retreat. The blind was drawn down and the window bolted, as Aurora had bolted it in her wish to exclude Mr. Stephen Margraves. He knocked at the window, but there was no answer.

"Lolly has grown tired of waiting," he thought. The second dinner-bell rang in the hall while Mr. Mellish lingered outside the darkened window. The commonplace sound reminded him of his social duties.

"I must wait till dinner is over, I suppose, before I talk to my darling," he thought. "I must go through all the usual business, for the edification of Mrs. Powell and the servants, before I can take my darling to my breast and set her mind at ease for ever."

John Mellish submitted himself to the indisputable force of those ceremonial laws which we have made our masters, and he was prepared to eat a dinner for which he had no appetite, and wait two hours for the moment for whose coming his soul yearned, rather than provoke Mrs. Powell's curiosity by any deviation from the common course of events.

The windows of the drawing-room were open, and he saw the glimmer of a pale muslin dress at one of them. It belonged to Mrs. Powell, who was sitting in a contemplative attitude, gazing at the evening sky.

She was not thinking of that western glory of pale crimson and shining gold. She was thinking that if John Mellish cast off the wife who had deceived him, and who had never legally been his wife, the Yorkshire mansion would be a fine place to live in; a fine place for a housekeeper who knew how to obtain influence over her master,

and who had the secret of his married life and his wife's disgrace to help her on to power.

"He's such a blind, besotted fool about her," thought the ensign's widow, "that if he breaks with her to-morrow he'll go on loving her just the same, and he'll do anything to keep her secret. Let it work which way it will, they're in my power—they're both in my power; and I'm no longer a poor dependent, to be sent away, at a quarter's notice, when it pleases them to be tired of me."

The bread of dependence is not a pleasant diet; but there are many ways of eating the same food. Mrs. Powell's habit was to receive all favors grudgingly, as she would have given, had it been her lot to give instead of to receive. She measured others by her own narrow gauge, and was powerless to comprehend or believe in the frank impulses of a generous nature. She knew that she was a useless member of poor John's household, and that the young squire could have easily dispensed with her presence. She knew, in short, that she was retained by reason of Aurora's pity for her friendlessness; and having neither gratitude nor kindly feelings to give in return for her comfortable shelter, she resented her own poverty of nature, and hated her entertainers for their generosity. It is a property of these narrow natures so to resent the attributes they can envy but cannot understand; and Mrs. Powell had been far more at ease in households in which she had been treated as a ladylike drudge than she had ever been at Mellish Park, where she was received as an equal and a guest. She had eaten the bitter bread upon which she had lived so long in a bitter spirit; and her whole nature had turned to gall from the influence of that disagreeable diet. A moderately generous person can bestow a favor, and bestow it well, but to receive a boon with perfect grace requires a far nobler and more generous nature.

John Mellish approached the open window at which the ensign's widow was seated, and looked into the room. Aurora was not there. The long saloon seemed empty and desolate. The decorations of the temple looked gold and dreary, for the deity was absent.

"No one here!" exclaimed Mr. Mellish disconsolately.

"No one but me," murmured Mrs. Powell, with an accent of mild deprecation.

"But where is my wife, ma'am?"

He said those two small words, "my wife," with such a tone of resolute defiance, that Mrs. Powell looked up at him as he spoke, and thought, "He has seen the certificate."

"Where is Aurora?" repeated John.

"I believe that Mrs. Mellish has gone out."

"Gone out! where?"

"You forget, sir," said the ensign's widow reproachfully "you appear to forget your special request that I should abstain from all supervision of Mrs. Mellish's arrangements. Prior to that request, which I may venture to suggest was unnecessarily emphatic, I had certainly considered myself as the humble individual chosen by Miss Floyd's aunt, and invested by her with a species of authority over the young lady's actions, in some manner responsible for—"

John Mellish chafed horribly under the merciless stream of long words which Mrs. Powell poured upon his head.

"Talk about that another time, for heaven's sake, ma'am," he said impatiently. "I only want to know where my wife is. Two words will tell me that, I suppose."

"I am sorry to say that I am unable to afford you any information about that subject," answered Mrs. Powell. "Mrs. Mellish quitted the house at about half-past three o'clock, dressed for walking. I have not seen her since."

Heaven forgive Aurora for the trouble it had been her lot to bring upon those who best loved her. John's heart grew sick with terror at this first failure of his hope. He had pictured her waiting to receive him, ready to fall upon his breast in answer to his passionate cry, "Aurora, come! come, dear love! the secret has been discovered and is forgiven."

"Somebody knows where my wife has gone, I suppose, Mrs. Powell?" he said fiercely, turning upon the ensign's widow in his wrathful sense of disappointment and alarm. He was only a big child after all, with a child's alternate hopefulness and despair, with a child's passionate devotion for those he loved, and ignorant terror of danger to those beloved ones.

"Mrs. Mellish may have made a confidante of Parsons," replied the ensign's widow, "but she certainly did not enlighten me as to her intended movements. Shall I ring the bell for Parsons?"

"If you please."

John Mellish stood upon the threshold of the French window, not caring to enter the handsome chamber of which he was the master. Why should he go into the house? It was no home for him without the woman who had made it so dear and sacred; dear even in the darkest hour of sorrow and anxiety, sacred even in despite of the trouble his love had brought upon him.

The maid Parsons appeared in answer to a message sent by Mrs. Powell; and John strode into the room and interrogated her sharply as to the departure of her mistress.

The girl could tell very little, except that Mrs. Mellish had said that she was going into the gardens, and that she had left a letter in the study for the master of the house. Perhaps Mrs. Powell was even better aware of the existence of this letter than the Abigail herself. She had crept stealthily into John's room after her interview with the Softy and her chance encounter of Aurora. She had found the letter lying on the table, sealed with a crest and monogram that were engraved upon a bloodstone worn by Mrs. Mellish amongst the trinkets on her watch chain. It was not possible, therefore, to manipulate this letter with any safety, and Mrs. Powell had contented herself by guessing darkly at its contents. The Softy had told her of the fatal discovery of the morning, and she instinctively comprehended the meaning of that sealed letter. It was a letter of explanation and farewell, perhaps; perhaps only of farewell.

John strode along the corridor that led to his favorite room. The chamber was dimly lighted by the yellow evening sunlight which streamed from between the Venetian blinds, and drew golden bars upon the matted floor. But even in that dusky and uncertain light he saw the white patch upon the table, and sprang with tigerish haste upon the letter his wife had left for him.

He drew up the Venetian blind and stood in the embrasure of the window, with the evening sunlight upon his face, reading Aurora's letter. There was neither anger nor alarm visible in his face as he read, only supreme love and supreme compassion.

"My poor darling! my poor girl! How could she think that there could ever be such a word as good-bye between us! Does she think so lightly of my love as to believe that it could fail her now, when she wants it most? Why, if that man had lived," he thought his face darkening with the memory of that unburied clay which yet lay in the still chamber at the north lodge, "if that man had lived, and had claimed her, and carried her from me by the right of the paper in my breast, I would have clung to her still; I would have followed wherever he went, and would have lived near him, that she might have known where to look for a defender from every wrong; I would have been his servant, the willing servant and contented hanger-on of a boor, if I could have served her by enduring his insolence. So, my dear, my dear," murmured the young squire, with a tender smile, "it was worse than foolish to write this letter to me, and even more useless than it was cruel to run away from the man who would follow you to the farthest end of this wide world."

He put the letter into his pocket, and took his hat from the table.

He was ready to start—he scarcely knew for what destination; for the end of the world, perhaps—in search for the woman he loved. But he was going to Falden Woods before beginning the longer journey, as he fully believed that Aurora would fly to her father in her foolish terror.

"To think that anything could ever happen to change or lessen my love for her," he said; "foolish girl! foolish girl!"

He rang for his servant, and ordered the hasty packing of his smallest portmanteau. He was going to town for a day or two, and he was going alone. He looked at his watch; it was only a quarter after eight, and the mail left Doncaster at half-past 12. There was plenty of time, therefore; a good deal too much time for the feverish impatience of Mr. Mellish, who would have chartered a special engine to convey him, had the railway officials been willing. There were four long hours during which he must wait, wearing out his heart in his anxiety to follow the woman he loved, to take her to his breast and comfort and shelter her, to tell her that true love knows neither decrease nor change. He ordered the dog-cart to be got ready for him at 11 o'clock. There was a slow train that left Doncaster at 10; but as it reached London only 10 minutes before the mail, it was scarcely desirable as a conveyance. Yet after the hour had passed for its starting Mr. Mellish reproached himself bitterly for that lost 10 minutes, and was tormented by a fancy that, through the loss of those very 10 minutes, he should miss the chance of an immediate meeting with Aurora.

It was nine o'clock before he remembered the necessity of making some pretence of sitting down to dinner. He took his place at the end of the long table, and sent for Mrs. Powell, who appeared in answer to his summons, and seated herself with a well bred affectation of not knowing that the dinner had been put off for an hour and a half.

"I'm sorry I've kept you so long, Mrs. Powell," he said, as he sent the ensign's widow a ladleful of clear soup that was of the temperature of lemonade. "The truth is, that I—I—find I shall be compelled to run up to town by the mail."

"Upon no unpleasant business, I hope?"

"Oh, dear no, not at all. Mrs. Mellish has gone up to her father's place, and—and—has requested me to follow her," added John, telling a lie with considerable awkwardness, but with no very great remorse. He did not speak again during dinner. He ate anything that his servants put before him, and when the cloth had been removed, and he was left alone with Mrs. Powell, he sat staring at the reflection of the wax-candles in the depths of the mahogany. It was only when the lady gave a little ceremonial cough, and rose with the intention of slipping out of the room, that he roused himself from his long reverie, and looked up suddenly.

"Don't go just this moment, if you please, Mrs. Powell," he said. "If you'll sit down again for a few minutes, I shall be glad. I wished to say a word or two to you before I leave Mellish."

He rose as he spoke, and pointed to a chair. Mrs. Powell seated herself and looked at him earnestly, with an eager, viperish earnestness, and a nervous movement of her thin lips.

"When you came here, Mrs. Powell," said John gravely, "you came as my wife's guest, and as my wife's friend. I need scarcely say that you could have had no better claim upon my friendship and hospitality. If you had brought a regiment of dragoons with you as the condition of your visit, they would have been welcome; for I believed that your coming would give pleasure to my poor girl. If my wife had been indebted to you for any word of kindness, for any look of affection, I would have repaid that debt a thousand fold, had it lain in my power to do so by any service, however difficult. You would have lost nothing by your love for my poor, motherless girl, if any devotion of mine could have recompensed you for that tenderness. It was only reasonable that I should look to you as the natural friend and counsellor of my darling; and I did so, honestly and confidently. Forgive me if I tell you that I very soon discovered how much I had been mistaken in entertaining such a hope. I soon saw that you were no friend to my wife."

"Mr. Mellish!"

"Oh, my dear madam, you think because I keep hunting boots and guns in the room I call my study, and because I remember no more of the Latin than my tutor crammed into my head than the first line of the Eton Syntax—you think, because I'm not clever, that I must needs be a fool. That's your mistake, Mrs. Powell; I'm not clever enough to be a fool, and I've just sufficient perception to see any danger that assails those I love. You don't like my wife; you grudge her her youth and beauty, and my foolish love for her; and you've watched and listened, and plotted—in a ladylike way, of course—to do her some evil. Forgive me if I speak plainly. When Aurora is concerned I feel very strongly. To hurt her little finger is to torture my whole body. To stab her once is to stab me a hundred times. I have no wish to be discourteous to a lady; I am only sorry that you have been unable to love a poor girl who has rarely failed to win friends amongst those who have known her. Let us part without animosity, but let us understand each other for the first time. You do not like us, and it is better that we should part before you learn to hate us."

The ensign's widow waited in utter stupefaction until Mr. Mellish stopped, from want of breath, perhaps, rather than from want of words.

All her viperish nature rose in white defiance of him as he walked up and down the room, chafing himself into a fury with his recollection of the wrong she had done him in not loving his wife.

"You are perhaps aware, Mr. Mellish," she said, after an awful pause, "that under such circumstances the annual stipend due to me for my services cannot be expected to cease at your caprice; and that, although you may turn me out of doors"—Mrs. Powell descended to this very commonplace location, and stooped to the venacular in her desire to be spiteful—"you must understand that you will be liable for my salary until the expiration of—"

"Oh, pray do not imagine that I shall repudiate any claim you may have upon me, Mrs. Powell," said John eagerly; "Heaven knows it has been no pleasure to me to speak as plainly as I have spoken to-night. I will write a cheque for any amount you may consider proper as compensation for this change in our arrangements. I might have been more polite, perhaps; I might have told you that my wife and I think of travelling on the Continent, and that we are, therefore, breaking up our household. I have preferred telling you the plain truth. Forgive me if I have wounded you."

Mrs. Powell rose, pale, menacing, terrible; terrible in the intensity of her feeble wrath, and in the consciousness that she had power to stab the heart of the man who had affronted her.

"You have merely anticipated my own intention, Mr. Mellish," she said. "I could not possibly have remained a member of your household after the very unpleasant circumstances that have lately transpired. My worst wish is that you may find yourself involved in no greater trouble through your connection with Mr. Floyd's daughter. Let me add one word of warning before I have the honor of wishing you good evening. Malicious people might be tempted to smile at your enthusiastic mention of your 'wife'; remembering that the person to whom you allude is Aurora Conyers, the widow of your groom, and that she has never possessed any legal claim to the title you bestow upon her."

If Mrs. Powell had been a man she would have found her head in contact with the Turkey carpet of John's dining-room before she could have concluded this speech; as she was a woman, John Mellish stood looking her full in the face, waiting till she had finished speaking. But he bore the stab she inflicted without finching under its cruel pain, and he robbed her of the gratification she had hoped for. He did not let her see his anguish.

"If Lofthouse has told her the secret," he cried, when the door had closed upon Mrs. Powell, "I'll horsewhip him in the church."

(To be continued.)

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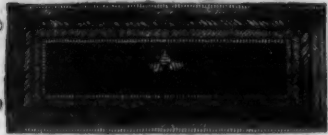
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